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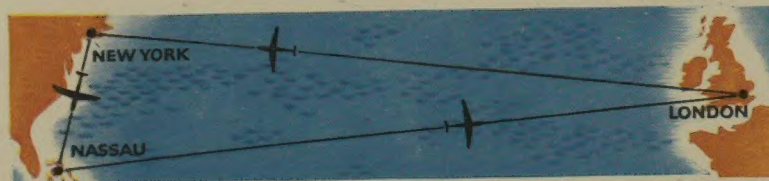
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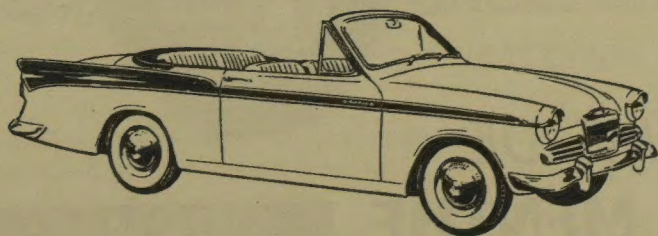
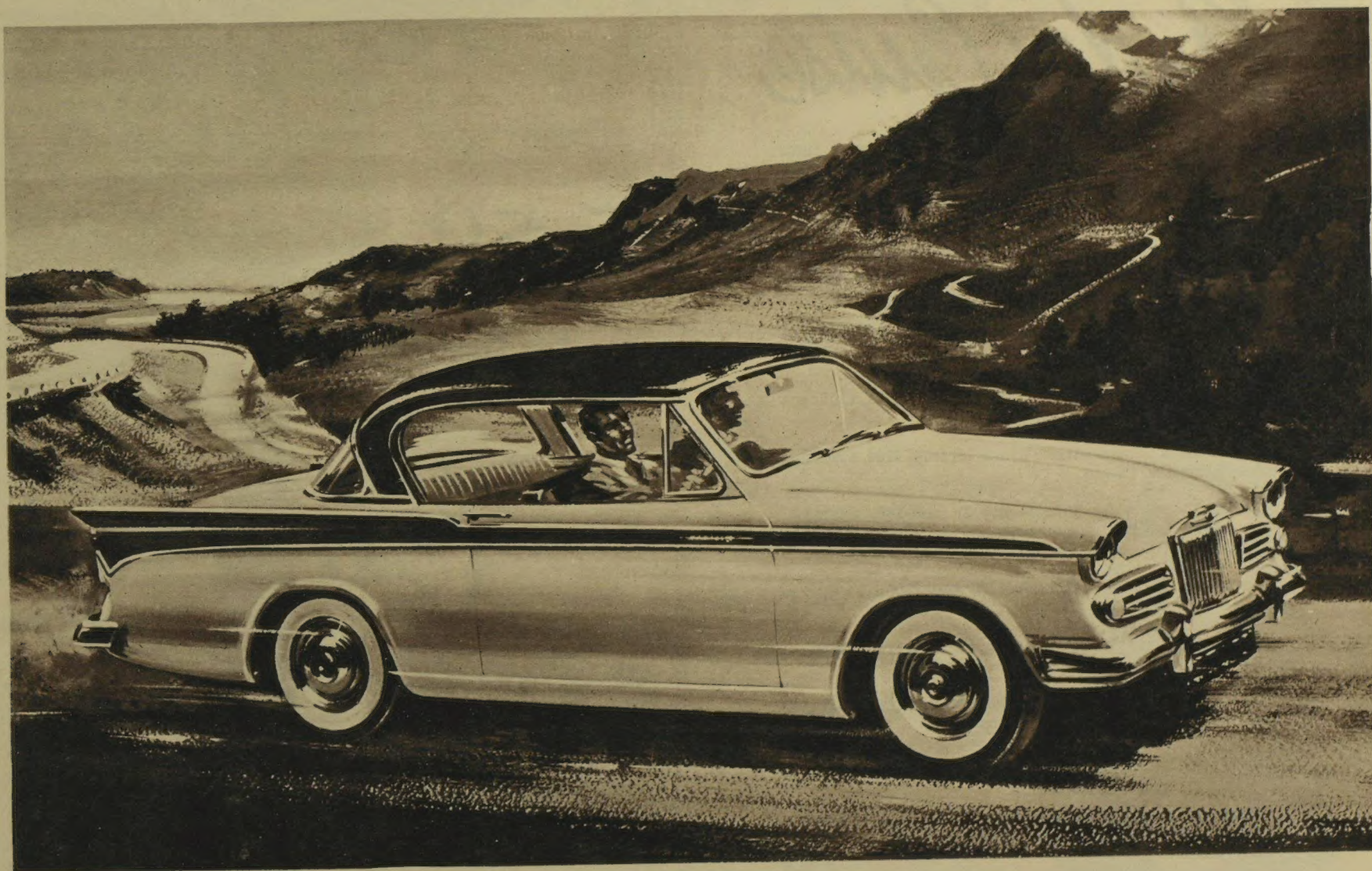
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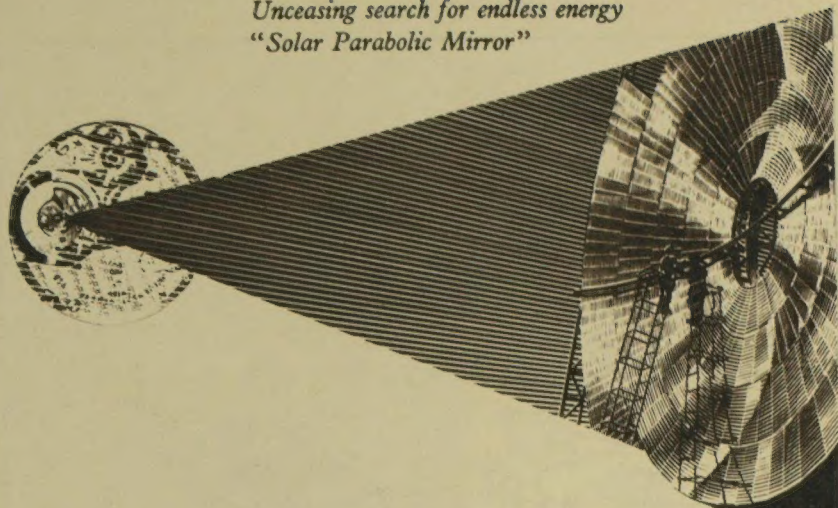
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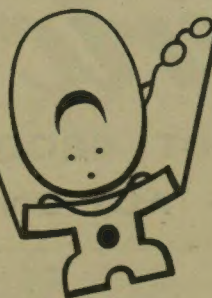
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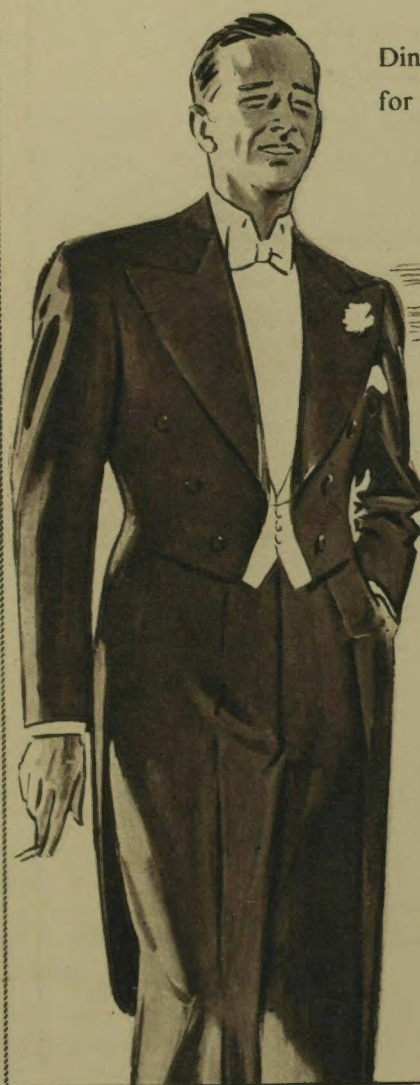
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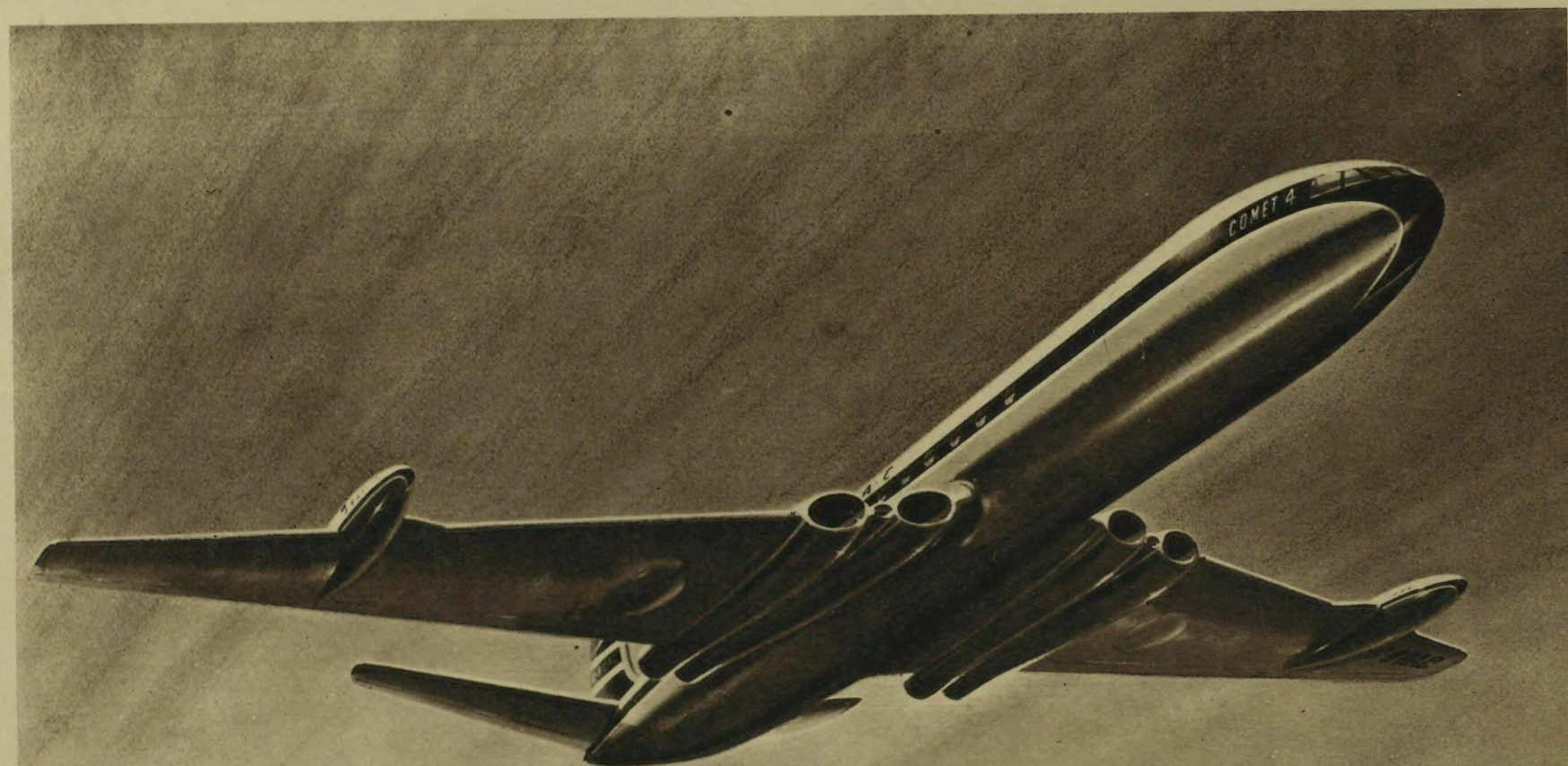
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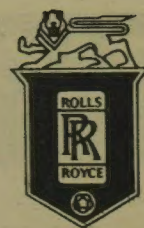
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1958.



HIS HOLINESS POPE JOHN XXIII: THE NEW HEAD OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE VATICAN SHORTLY AFTER HIS ELECTION ON OCTOBER 28.

At about 5 p.m. on October 28, the fourth day of the relatively short Conclave and the third day of voting, Cardinal Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli accepted his election as Pope. He was elected on the eleventh ballot of the Conclave, which was attended by fifty-one Cardinals. The minimum number of votes which the new Pope required was thirty-five. Cardinal Roncalli took the name of John, the last recognised Pope of this name being John XXII, who died in 1334. The exact number of his predecessors, given as 261 and 262, has not been finally established. He is seventy-seven years old this month, and

before his election was Patriarch of Venice, an appointment he received in 1953. He comes of humble origin, and began his studies for the priesthood at Bergamo, Northern Italy, near his birthplace. His successful diplomatic career began with his appointment as apostolic visitor to Bulgaria in 1925. Afterwards, he held appointments in Greece and Turkey, and, after the end of the Second World War, in France. He is noted for his interest in social questions, and is the author of several learned books. His coronation on the balcony of St. Peter's, overlooking the great square, was to take place on November 4.

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1. HIS HOLINESS POPE JOHN XXIII READING FROM THE BOOK HELD UP BY ATTENDANTS IN THE CEREMONIES PRECEDING THE PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS. STANDING TO THE LEFT IS THE BEARDED CARDINAL TISSERANT. 2. ON THE MORNING AFTER THE ELECTION: THE SPLENDID SCENE IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL, AS THE CARDINALS MAKE THEIR THIRD OBEDIENCE TO THE NEW POPE. 3. IN THE BASILICA, CROWDED WITH A GLITTERING CONGREGATION, HIS HOLINESS CELEBRATES PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS AT THE ALTAR. 4. CROWNED WITH THE GREAT TRIPLE TIARA, POPE JOHN XXIII ADVANCES ON THE BALCONY TO GIVE HIS BLESSING "URBI ET ORBI." THE CORONATION OF HIS HOLINESS POPE JOHN XXIII; HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CEREMONY IN

Some 30,000 people witnessed the historic ceremonial inside St. Peter's Basilica, in Rome, on November 4 when Pope John XXIII was crowned as the 262nd Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church. Among them were the new Pope's three brothers, his sister and twenty-two nephews and nieces from the small North Italian village of Sotto Il Monte, who mingled among representatives

of foreign governments in full dress and their wives wearing black veils and, in many cases, diamond tiaras. After the four-hour service in St. Peter's, Pope John was escorted on to the balcony of St. Peter's for his coronation, and a great cheer went up from a quarter of a million people who were waiting on the rain-soaked Square below. The crowning was performed by the senior

of the World and Vicar on Earth of Jesus Christ Our Lord." The crowning was preceded by glorious and ancient pageantry in St. Peter's, when the seventy-six-year-old Pontiff was carried on a portable throne into the portico of the church, from which he rose and mounted the five scarlet-covered steps to another throne where he received the homage of his cardinals.

Cardinal Deacon, Nicola Canali, who is aged eighty-four. He placed on Pope John's head the triple tiara, which is often believed to symbolise the Church Suffering, the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant. As he placed the crown in position the Cardinal declared: "Receive this tiara, adorned with three crowns and know that thou art the Father of Princes and Kings, Guide

of the World and Vicar on Earth of Jesus Christ Our Lord." The crowning was preceded by glorious and ancient pageantry in St. Peter's, when the seventy-six-year-old Pontiff was carried on a portable throne into the portico of the church, from which he rose and mounted the five scarlet-covered steps to another throne where he received the homage of his cardinals.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT is curious how difficult, with their long tradition of individual freedom, Westerners find it is to understand the totalitarian and tyrannical attitude and practice of Dictatorships. Every time the Kremlin stamps its foot down on some expression of what to its rulers is atrocious deviationism and to us is liberty, an anguished cry of astonishment and unavailing protest arises from the West. So when the award of the Nobel Prize for Literature to Boris Pasternak, author of the Soviet-banned "Dr. Zhivago," resulted—as it was bound to do—in the public disgrace of the unfortunate author and his expulsion from the Union of Soviet Writers, the editor of Britain's leading popular Liberal daily, the *News Chronicle*, addressed a telegram to Mr. Khrushchev, Prime Minister of Soviet Russia and Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, in the following terms:

We appeal to you to use your influence in protecting author Boris Pasternak from persecution. We make this appeal in the name of human dignity and intellectual freedom. We also believe that the cause of international understanding is ill-served by the spectacle of a powerful nation like the Soviet Union seeking to stamp out the last spark of individuality in one of its citizens, an elderly poet and novelist whose works have in the past brought immense prestige to the Soviet Union. All those who wish to praise the Soviet Union for her material achievements have been shocked and dismayed by the campaign of vilification now being carried out against Pasternak.*

This, of course, is in the highest tradition of Western and Christian—for it is from Christianity that it derives—liberalism: generous, compassionate and tolerant. But it means, I fear, as much to Nikita Khrushchev and his iron colleagues as a Bach Concerto to a fly. Far from accepting the moral postulates on which it is based, they can only regard them with contempt and abhorrence. Virtue to a Soviet political leader and bureaucrat is obedience to the ideas and precepts which serve the ends of Soviet rule and Marxist ideology. Everything that runs, or is thought to run, contrary to those ends is vice and treachery, and deserving of being stamped out with the utmost ruthlessness and brutality so as to prevent its recurrence or imitation. Boris Pasternak, with his great and deserved reputation as a Russian poet, wrote a novel in which the dictates and feelings of the individual human heart are treated as of greater importance than the furtherance of political ends. It was not anti-Communist, but it was based on the heretical—and, to a Russian Communist, shocking—supposition that neither Marxist Communism nor any other political panacea or organisation is in any way sacred. To a twentieth-century Russian Communist, this seems as abominable as a denial of the divinity of the Virgin Mary seemed to a sixteenth-century Roman Catholic inquisitor. With a comparative tolerance that would have been inconceivable in Stalin's day the rulers of Russia contented themselves with forbidding the publication of Pasternak's book in their own dominions and left its author in apparent peace. But when the book was published in the West and hailed by Westerners as a masterpiece, Pasternak was put in the position of one who had openly aligned himself

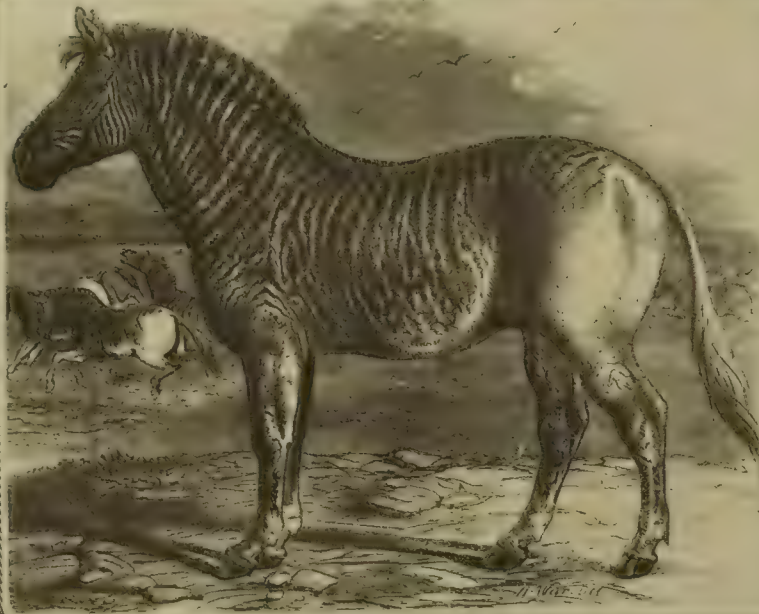
with the U.S.S.R.'s critics and opponents, and who must, therefore, be publicly arraigned and punished. It seems curiously obtuse of Western commentators not to be able to see this or to realise that their genuine enthusiasm for Pasternak's bold plea for the sanctity of the individual soul and life appears to the men of the Kremlin as nothing but a deliberate and malicious attempt to use "Dr. Zhivago" as a rod with which to beat Communism. Not unnaturally—by their own standards they could not do otherwise—they have responded by trying to break that rod. They cannot kill "Dr. Zhivago"—a great human document and masterpiece—but they can discredit it and its author in the wide lands they

and free speech. They respect the dictum but seldom seem to think the thing out. A good and ever-entertaining example of this is the reception given to Field Marshal Montgomery's outspoken expression of his views after his retirement. In his expression of what he believes to be the truth, the Field Marshal has never been a notably reticent man, but as long as he remained in the public employment, he, by and large, very properly, as a serving soldier, subordinated his opinions to those of the Service, national or international, which he represented. Now, like Mr. Gladstone when he relinquished his seat at Oxford, he has been unloosed; and he has wasted no time in making his views on past and present

events known, and with that uncompromising clarity which is one of his many gifts; and because some of his views run counter—and, in my belief, justly counter—to prevailing and accepted military and political views, he has been assailed with ferocity by certain of our organs of opinion. There is nothing wrong in this; if the Field Marshal has a right to express his views, others have an equal right to disagree with those views and in as strong terms as they like. But they have no right to attempt to repress them. And in more than one English, and therefore libertarian newspaper, I have seen it hinted or suggested that a retired soldier has no right to express his opinions in print at all, and that he ought to be prevented from doing so. Various pretexts have been put forward for this authoritarian and un-English notion. Some say that senior soldiers, having held positions of responsibility and trust, are thereby morally debarred from expressing their views on matters of which they have had official cognisance. Others cite the public interest, maintaining that if, say, a retired British Field Marshal considers an American general or statesman has made a mistake, he should carry his opinion with him to the grave rather than endanger Anglo-American friendship by suggesting that an American in high place can err. Yet, if there is any validity in our English and American belief in liberty of opinion, speech and press, what is sauce for the goose is surely sauce for the gander. If British statesmen, retired or not, are free to publish, or otherwise promulgate, their views on

military matters—and I, for one, believe that the public interest, as well as the public pleasure, is greatly served by their doing so—it is morally indefensible to suggest that British soldiers, when they retire into civilian life, should not be equally free to express their disagreement with such views and to publish their own. And if it was right for American generals and statesmen—and according to our professed beliefs it was—to justify their strategy and policy in their war memoirs at the expense of the professional reputation of living British Service chiefs who had disagreed with them, why should they or anyone else object, in the name of Anglo-American relations, to those British Service Chiefs replying to their strictures and giving their own version of *bona fide* differences between them? The cause of historical truth and human freedom are alike served by their doing so, and, if Anglo-American friendship is worth preserving—and it is infinitely so—it will never be permanently injured either by the truth or by the exercise of individual human freedom. Those who think otherwise should reflect seriously on the case of Boris Pasternak.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF NOV. 6, 1858.



THE QUAGGA: A STRANGE ZEBRA-LIKE ANIMAL NOW EXTINCT, BUT LIVING IN THE LONDON ZOO MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In *The Illustrated London News* of November 6, 1858, we published an account of the Quagga in the London Zoo. We said: "The Zoological Society have, within the last ten years, purchased so liberally whenever living animals have been in the market, that the ordinary channels of commerce have almost ceased to supply their establishment with novelties, and nearly all of the objects of high interest are now obtained by . . . the gift of numerous patrons." The King of Portugal is then mentioned by reason of "frequent donations from his dominions in Africa, and from South America." The now extinct Quagga was an animal allied to Burchell's zebra and was met with in vast herds on the great plains of South Africa one hundred years ago. Its colour was reddish brown and it was marked with dark brown stripes, stronger on the head and neck and becoming fainter until they disappeared completely behind the shoulders.

control, and they can inflict any punishment they choose on the brave man who wrote it. Nor are protests and expostulations from the West in the least likely to discourage them. Indeed, I am afraid they are far more likely to have the opposite effect.

The truth is, that though we in the West still cling to the belief that reason can and should guide mankind, the generality of men are feeling, but not thinking, animals. They are capable of thought only very seldom, and most of them scarcely ever exercise that capacity. They take their intellectual notions ready-made and, having taken them, never question them again. The idea that the opinion of even the most important human beings is fallible and that the best way to arrive at truth is to let every man express his views freely is taken for granted in the West, just as the contrary view is taken for granted on the other side of the Iron Curtain. Yet few Western publicists, I notice, accept its implications in their entirety when they run counter to their own established beliefs, however much they may pay lip service to the principle of liberal toleration

* *News Chronicle*, October 29, 1958.

"HABEMUS PAPAM": THE HUGE CROWDS GATHERED TO GREET JOHN XXIII.



SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT "HABEMUS PAPAM" "WE HAVE A POPE" - THE HUGE CROWD WAIT IN THE DUSK BEFORE ST. PETER'S FOR THE APPEARANCE OF JOHN XXIII.



THROUGHOUT THE CONCLAVE VAST CROWDS GATHERED IN THE GREAT SQUARE OF ST. PETER'S TO WATCH FOR THE SMOKE AND ITS OFTEN INDECISIVE EVIDENCE.

By the evening of October 28, the third day of voting by the Conclave, a crowd of at least 300,000 had gathered in the great square of St. Peter's, and when at 5.8 p.m. a yellowish puff of smoke emerged from the chimney of the Sistine Chapel and was not followed by clouds of black smoke, tension rose until about an hour later Cardinal Canali appeared on the balcony and announced "Habemus Papam"—"We have a Pope," and told the great crowd that

it was the Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Roncalli, who had been chosen and that he would take the name of John XXIII. As the thunderous cheers arose, members of the Papal Court draped the balcony with a tapestry bearing the crest of the late Pope; and then His Holiness John XXIII appeared in the pontifical white wool robe to give his first blessing "Urbi et Orbi"—to the City and the World.

I RETURN to the lecture delivered by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery at the Royal United Service Institution on October 28, of which I wrote last week, for two reasons. In the first case, the reactions to it have been interesting. In the second, I had not room in my previous article to say all I wanted to by way of comment. In particular, I left without explanation his suggestions for a simplified structure of command. Again, at almost the same time, it was made known that General de Gaulle had criticisms and recommendations to make about the future of N.A.T.O., though details of these were not then divulged. I hope all this justifies a second article on the subject. If not, the fault will lie in the article. I am sure that the topic is not exhausted.

Two strong strictures may be taken first. The first concerns the post-war Government of this country. It has been said that the lecturer attacked the Welfare State. As I understood him, his criticism was that the Government looked inward too much and outward not enough. I think there is considerable justification for that view. Mr. Bevin was a remarkable personality and in many ways a notable Foreign Secretary, but there were fields on which his entourage found it impossible to induce him to project his vision. Germany, and all that was going on there, was one of the subjects in which he took only an intermittent interest. Labour circles felt this more than Tory because they knew more about it.

The second criticism is concerned with the Field Marshal's statement that the United States had supported the N.A.T.O. nations within the European framework and hamstrung them outside it, and that this was a grave error because N.A.T.O.'s defence strategy ought to be global. The objectors reply that American support for N.A.T.O. partners in Asia and Africa would arouse hostility among the "uncommitted" peoples of those continents. Now good relations with the nations concerned are, of course, desirable, but if policy is to be shaped to fit their ideals, then we might as well, for all serious purposes, break up N.A.T.O. at once. What is the good of a partnership in which the interests of some members is put second to neutral opinion, above all, when these interests make a vital contribution to the defence for which the partnership was formed?

A great part of the lecture was directed to the subject of the structure of N.A.T.O. Lord Montgomery—who has been in the business from the start to the other day—denounced it as over-staffed and cumbersome. He considered that if the conduct of a war had to be undertaken with the present system of command the result would be confusion and disaster. Last week I mentioned his recommendation that the Standing Group should be moved from Washington to Paris, but did not go into his proposals for a simplified command structure. I do not presume to comment on them because I lack the necessary knowledge of how the present pattern works, or does not work. I do know of a general feeling that reform is needed. I set the suggestion out in tabular form, as the lecturer did.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

A RETURN TO MONTGOMERY'S LECTURE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

	Area	Command held by
Supreme Commander :	Atlantic and seas surrounding N.A.T.O. Europe	U.S.A.
Supreme Commander :	Pacific and China Seas	U.S.A.
Supreme Commander :	N.A.T.O. Europe	France
	C.-in-C. North Europe	U.K.
	C.-in-C. Cent. Europe	Germany
	C.-in-C. South Europe	U.S.A.
Supreme Commander :	South-East Asia, Australasia, Indian Ocean and Territories and Seas east of Suez.	British Commonwealth
All commands are international.		

de Gaulle is now engaged, and which includes a happy settlement in Algeria. Were both sides of the General's venture successful, the result would be a partial rebirth of France, the appearance of a new France which had shed the graver weakness of the last quarter of a century and which had wholly re-established its self-confidence and within reasonable limits re-established its unity. In that event I can see no serious objection to Lord Montgomery's proposal that "Saceur" should be a Frenchman.

Meanwhile, it has become known that General de Gaulle has been demanding a bigger political rôle in N.A.T.O. for France. I am convinced that Lord Montgomery has discussed many matters with General de Gaulle, not from private information but because I know him well enough to feel sure that he would not have neglected to do so. The announced aims of the two are not on exactly the same lines, but they are on parallel lines. This does not necessarily mean that General de Gaulle favours the proposal to bring the Standing

Group to this side of the Atlantic, but it is pretty certain that he would be pleased to see the appointment of Supreme Commander Europe in French hands. And of the two suggestions I should imagine that the latter had the better prospects.

Lord Montgomery had in one of his earlier lectures at the Royal United Service Institution expressed the view that there should be a body outside and above these international commands. After further reflection on the subject he has put his ideas in these words: "A small, but very high-powered organisation to be created to plan the defence of the Free World and to direct and co-ordinate the activities of the Supreme Commands. This to be located in Canada—to avoid crowding too many organisations into Washington. Linked to this organisation should be some authority which will direct and control the air activities of the Free World."

It will be observed that this paragraph is less precise than customary with the Field Marshal. It may have been left deliberately vague. But, clearly, on the

personnel, the powers, and the procedure of these organisations would depend their chances of acceptance. As I indicated in my last article, the vision of a small organisation tucked away in Canada might scare the man in the street, on whom in the long run the project would depend.

The pettiest and most childish criticism on this and other occasions—but this is his most radical and interesting contribution of all—comes from those who do not like the way he puts things. If these gentlemen think him cocksure and wrong-headed, they have only to point out his errors. I have seen nothing striking in that line so far. Like them or not, these are searching examinations through keen eyes, supported by long and incomparable experience.

EDITORIAL NOTE: Many interested readers of an item in our issue of October 25 describing the launching of the British Transport Commission vessel *Melrose Abbey* at Lowestoft, may have been misled by our description of her as a "steamer." She is, in fact, diesel-engined.

ON SALE, NOVEMBER 14.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1958.

This splendid issue contains:

23 PAGES IN FULL COLOUR—

a variety of paintings, drawings, playing-cards and photographs.

THREE NEW SHORT STORIES—by Amy O'Neill, Beth Dutton and Gordon Rowbottom. The illustrations are by T. S. La Fontaine, Gordon Nicoll, R.I., and Eileen Walton.

"THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS TREES"—an article by William J. Forbes, with four full-page illustrations specially drawn by Pauline Baynes and reproduced in colour.

"LONDON TYPES OF HALF A CENTURY AGO"—three pages of striking pen drawings by the inimitable Phil May.

The familiar red-and-gold cover of the 1958 Christmas Number—with Filippino Lippi's lovely "Rest on the Flight into Egypt" reproduced in full colour as the inset—gives a foretaste of the rich variety of reading and spectacle within it. There are over twenty pages in full colour. Among the paintings and drawings of many schools and periods are examples by Altdorfer, Goya, Boucher, Ibbetson, de Louthembourg, Vinckboons, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Frith, Randolph Caldecott, Frank Craig and Alan Reynolds. There are also two pages of Roman wall paintings—most of them from Pompeii—showing that even at this early date paintings could vividly tell a story. Two other pages show a fascinating selection of playing-cards from a unique pack made in 1628 for presentation to Charles I. A seasonable drawing by our Special Artist, Neave Parker—illustrating the domestic turkey and some of its wild American forbears—is also reproduced in full colour. Three fully illustrated short stories provide entertaining fireside reading, as does an informative article on Christmas Trees.

The Christmas Number will be available in this country at all the principal newsagents and bookstalls, price 4s., or may be ordered direct from the Publisher (Dept. EN), Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, W.C.2, for 4s. 6d. post free. Orders for copies to be sent direct to your friends may be given to your usual supplier or to the Publisher.

Here clearly the crucial point is the French Supreme Commander for N.A.T.O. Europe. The two possible objections which it has to face are unfavourable American reactions and the fact that France has recently been playing so small a part in N.A.T.O. defence because a large proportion of her Army has been tied down in Algeria. (Incidentally, I trust it is not impolite, especially in view of the tolerance with which the unrest of the officers of the Army in Algeria was treated here, to suggest that we should prefer one who had not been there at the time.) It is argued, first, that the Americans would always insist on holding the appointment because they feel that no one else is fit to do it; and, secondly, that this appointment is a necessary sop to the public opinion of the United States to induce them to allow their boys to remain in this side. Well, the last word would obviously lie with the United States, but I am not so pessimistic as to think that its views are so narrow.

From the European point of view I suggest that the project would depend on the success of the great political experiment in which General

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



NICOSIA, CYPRUS. TURKISH GIRLS IN NATIONAL COSTUME CARRYING A HUGE TURKISH FLAG THROUGH THE STREETS WHILE CELEBRATING TURKISH REPUBLIC DAY.



NICOSIA, CYPRUS. POLICE AND TROOPS WATCHING GREEK CYPRIOTS CELEBRATING, IN METAXAS SQUARE, THE ANNIVERSARY OF GREECE'S DEFIANCE OF MUSSOLINI. October 28, and October 29 were the occasions of generally peaceful nationalist demonstrations in Cyprus. On the first day Greek Cypriots celebrated the anniversary of the day when Greece rejected Italy's ultimatum in 1940, the celebrations being allowed by Sir Hugh Foot as a "calculated risk." On Oct. 29 the Turkish Cypriots similarly celebrated the Turkish Republic Day.



AKABA, JORDAN. KING HUSSEIN IN H.M.S. CEYLON, WHICH HE VISITED WHEN BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE LAST BRITISH TROOPS LEAVING JORDAN ON NOVEMBER 2. On the afternoon of November 2, British troops completed their withdrawal from Jordan, when three tank-landing ships sailed from Akaba for Cyprus. King Hussein, who had flown from Amman, witnessed their departure from H.M.S. Ceylon. The King was accompanied by the Prime Minister and the Chief of General Staff.



PAKISTAN. THE NEW PAKISTANI CABINET IN KARACHI, AFTER THE SWEARING-IN ON OCT. 27. THE FOLLOWING DAY PRESIDENT MIRZA RESIGNED AND GENERAL AYUB KHAN TOOK OVER. Left to right, are: Mr. Z. Bhutto, Commerce; Lieut.-Gen. K. M. Sheikh, Interior; Mr. A. K. Khan, Works; Mr. M. M. Ibrahim, Law; Gen. Ayub Khan, Prime Minister; Maj.-Gen. Mirza, President; Lieut.-Gen. M. A. Khan, Rehabilitation; Mr. H. Rahman, Agriculture; Lieut.-Gen. W. A. Burki, Health, and Mr. F. M. Khan, Communications.



HAVANA, CUBA. A GIANT CUT-OUT POSTER OF ONE OF THE CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY, SENOR A. R. AGUERO, IN THE GENERAL ELECTIONS IN CUBA WHICH STARTED ON NOVEMBER 2. PRESIDENT BATISTA'S TERM EXPIRES ON FEBRUARY 24.



QUEMOY. THOUSANDS OF SHELLS BEING UNLOADED AT QUEMOY, TO ENABLE THE CHINESE NATIONALISTS TO REPLY TO THE COMMUNIST BOMBARDMENT FROM THE MAINLAND. On November 2 it was announced that the Communists had not shelled Quemoy for 24 hours—the first day-long break in the barrage since the end of the cease-fire a fortnight before. A recent feature has been the Nationalists' success in the air-battles.

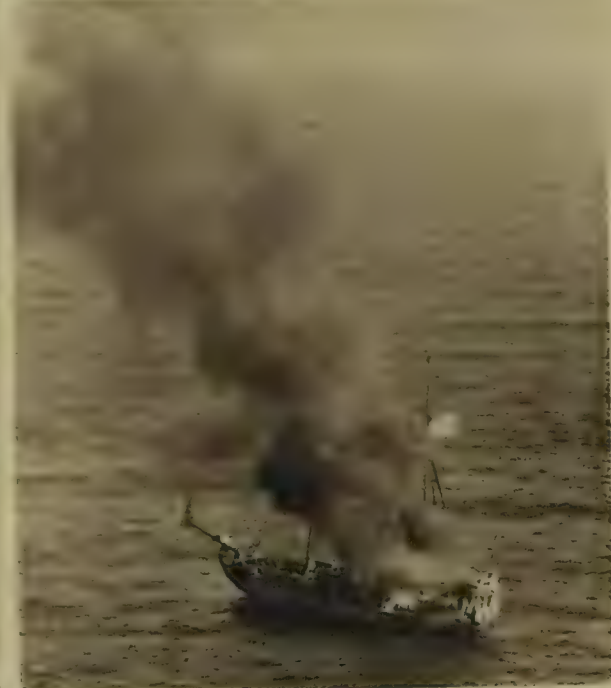
A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



NEW YORK, U.S. CAPABLE (IN THEORY) OF OPERATING AT 500,000 WORDS PER MINUTE: AN ELECTRONIC TELETYPEWRITER. On October 28 the U.S. Army demonstrated—at a mere speed of 3000 words per minute, that is twenty times as fast as most people can talk—this remarkable teletypewriter, which it intends to use at the rate of 750 words per minute. The specification was prepared by the Signal Corps, and it was built by the Burroughs Corporation. One problem is to make the roll of paper pass the printing anvil fast enough.



NORTHERN NIGERIA. BEGGING FOR A BONE? A VOLKSWAGEN BUS UP ON END AFTER AN ACCIDENT ON THE KANO-KATSINA ROAD. THE VEHICLE HAD TO REMAIN IN THIS POSITION UNTIL ACCIDENT REGULATIONS HAD BEEN COMPLIED WITH.

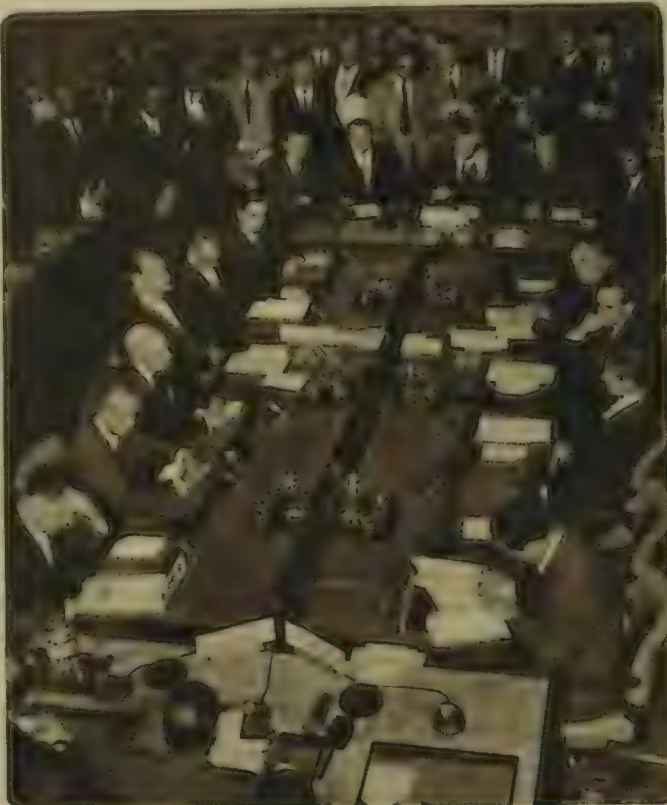


OFF MONACO. EXCESSIVE REALISM DURING THE MAKING OF GEORGE GOMBERT'S FILM "MARIE DES ILES": SMOKE POURING FROM THE BURNING GALLEON MARIE ANNICK, WHICH EXPLODED SECONDS LATER, INJURING TWO ACTORS.



COPENHAGEN, DENMARK. IN CITY HALL SQUARE: A MECHANICAL WEATHER-FORECASTING DEVICE.

People walking in Copenhagen can easily study the weather forecast when they pass this tower. When rain is forecast a girl in a raincoat and with an open umbrella moves out on a track. When it is to be fine she is replaced by a girl on a bicycle. A huge thermometer on the edge of the tower gives the temperature.



GENEVA, SWITZERLAND. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE THREE-POWER CONFERENCE ON NUCLEAR TEST CONTROL AT ITS OPENING. Delegates from the United Kingdom, the United States and the Soviet Union met at Geneva on October 31 for the opening of their conference on the control of nuclear tests. The British delegation is led by Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. At the opening sitting the Russians announced that they had come to Geneva with a draft treaty providing for immediate and permanent suspension.



LISBON, PORTUGAL. ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE PORTUGAL'S REMAINING AT PEACE DURING THE LAST WAR: A HUGE STATUE OF CHRIST—91 FT. HIGH ON PILLARS 266 FT. HIGH—NEARING COMPLETION. IT STANDS ON THE HILLS ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE RIVER TAGUS, OVERLOOKING LISBON HARBOUR.



(Left.) KENYA. TWO ACTORS IN THE FILM "THE RELUCTANT MERMAID" WITH A DUGONG—A HERBIVOROUS MARINE MAMMAL BELIEVED TO HAVE GIVEN RISE TO THE MERMAID LEGEND.

It is the near-human, though scarcely pleasing, features of the dugong and its breasts which are believed to have started the mermaid legend. One of the two recently-captured dugongs was 5 ft. long; the other one was 10 ft. long and weighed 1000 lb.

(Right.) KENYA. ANOTHER VIEW OF ONE OF THE TWO LIVE DUGONGS CAUGHT RECENTLY BY A FILM UNIT OFF MALINDI, 60 MILES NORTH OF NAIROBI.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE TREATMENT PLANT AND OPENCUT AT MARY KATHLEEN, QUEENSLAND, WHICH IS AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST URANIUM PLANT.



A VIEW OF MARY KATHLEEN TOWN, QUEENSLAND, TAKEN IN JULY 1958. THIS TOWN HOUSES ABOUT 1000 PEOPLE. THE SPORTS OVAL IS SEEN IN THE CENTRE.

AUSTRALIA. QUEENSLAND'S GREATEST URANIUM MINE, WORTH PERHAPS £40,000,000.

The Mary Kathleen Uranium Mines Ltd., a company in the Rio Tinto group, completed in June of this year Australia's largest uranium mine. After twenty-seven months of site clearing, the mine came into production several months ahead of schedule. Uranium oxide is now being produced by it for the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority. Out of a total Australian production of roughly 1000 tons, the Mary Kathleen mine is alone expected to contribute 500 tons a year. As

may be seen in the lower picture, the company has taken much care to ensure the welfare of employees. The mine was not put into production until the town, with all its essential services, was ready for occupation. The Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, officially opened the mine on October 27. The opening was retrospective, since the first uranium oxide was produced from the mine four months ago. The uranium is estimated to be worth £40,000,000.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



EGYPT. THE *NEW JERSEY*, A U.S. DREDGER, CLAIMED TO BE THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD, WHICH RECENTLY BEGAN WORK ON THE WIDENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL. The U.S. dredger, *New Jersey*, began work on October 21 at Port Said to help in the widening of the Suez Canal, where preliminary dry digging had been going on for four months on the eastern bank. Egyptians and Americans are working together on the *New Jersey*.



JAPAN. CELEBRATING THE NINETIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE OPENING TO FOREIGN TRADE OF THE PORT OF KOBE: THE GREAT BRITAIN FLOAT IN A PROCESSION DURING THE FESTIVITIES HELD ON OCTOBER 21 AND 22.



CYPRUS. THE DRUMHEAD SERVICE AT WHICH THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS COMMEMORATED BALAKLAVA DAY IN THEIR MOUNTAIN CAMP.



CYPRUS. THE COLOUR PARTY OF THE 1ST BN. THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS. AT BALAKLAVA THE 2ND BN. WON THE NICKNAME "THE THIN RED LINE." On October 25, at their camp at Limni Mines, in western Cyprus, the Argyll and Sutherlands commemorated "Balaklava Day." In that battle the 2nd Bn. won the title "The Thin Red Line" and is the only infantry regiment to carry "Balaklava" on its Colour.



OTTAWA, CANADA. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SEEN AFTER HIS ARRIVAL AT UPLANDS AIRPORT. HE IS SHAKING HANDS WITH LADY ALEXANDER, WHOSE HUSBAND IS EXTREMELY ILL.

The Duke of Edinburgh became the first member of the British Royal family to fly in the new B.O.A.C. *Comet IV* jet aircraft when he left London Airport for Canada on the night of October 28. Although the aircraft left London 80 minutes late owing to an electrical fault, it arrived in Canada 53 minutes earlier than was expected after a record-breaking flight lasting 8½ hours. The Duke went to Ottawa to attend the world branches conference of the English-Speaking Union of the Commonwealth. He told the conference amid laughter that he included pidgin English among the acceptable varieties of the language.

(Right.) CANADA. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEING GREETED AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN OTTAWA BY THE CANADIAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL, MR. VINCENT MASSEY.





ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SIR EDMUND HILLARY.

Sir Edmund Hillary was Leader of the New Zealand Ross Sea Party in the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition. The climax of his notable mountaineering career came in 1953 with his conquest of Everest. Born in New Zealand in 1919, he was educated at Auckland Grammar School and became an apiarist. Since 1946 he has been an apiarist in partnership with his brother. Sir Edmund has published two books on his experiences in the climbing of Everest.

companions. The account of the expedition's scientific work is, we are told, to come later, and the decision was wise; this is eminently a volume for the general reader, while its successor will necessarily be mainly for the specialist, and to have attempted to combine them would have been to make the worst of both worlds.

For several centuries there have been Antarctic expeditions, of which probably the most famous are those associated with the names of Shackleton and Scott, but what marks this one off from its predecessors is that it was an organised Commonwealth venture, and that it had all the resources of modern science and invention at its disposal, as well as the goodwill and support of several Governments to no mean extent. Indeed, not the least fascinating aspect of this narrative is what the authors tell us of the way in which they and their fellows kept in touch with the outside world during the dark Antarctic winter. If anyone has hitherto doubted the value of wireless to the explorer, especially to boost morale, he has only to read the evidence of these pages. Sir Edmund Hillary even goes so far as to say, "It was a pleasant and comfortable life, and much of the sense of isolation experienced by earlier expeditions was lacking. The main hardship was the separation from one's family, and even this could be assuaged by frequent telephone calls."

At the same time, if recent developments in the field of transport could, and did, prove an inestimable benefit, they were not at times without their attendant dangers, for beneath the ice there often lay, at varying depths, the sea, and it was of the utmost importance to know the ice density before venturing on it with comparatively heavy vehicles; this, of course, was one of the perils to which the earlier explorers were not exposed. On at least one occasion we are told of a vehicle and its driver crashing through the ice into the water beneath. Even modern methods of keeping warm were not without their drawbacks, for two of the party nearly died of carbon monoxide poisoning through keeping the windows of their Sno-cat closed at night, with the result that the exhaust gas, leaking into the engine compartment, had been pumped by a heater fan between the two windscreens to de-ice them, and thence into the cab.

AN EPIC OF ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

"THE CROSSING OF ANTARCTICA—THE COMMONWEALTH TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION 1955-58." By SIR VIVIAN FUCHS AND SIR EDMUND HILLARY.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

"IT was good to know... that although the Antarctic was a formidable opponent it would really submit if attacked with imagination and enthusiasm," so wrote Sir Edmund Hillary when he had established Scott Base, and this book is a record of the conquest of Antarctica by him, Sir Vivian Fuchs, and their intrepid band of

Icebergs, too, had a tendency to form when they were least wanted, and with the most unfortunate consequences:

Ken Blaiklock and Tony Stewart went down to the sea ice to collect more dog food. As they approached the stores dump they found clouds of frost-smoke rolling away to the north. Coming nearer their worst fears were confirmed—a large part of the ice which had looked so solid had broken away through the middle of the various piles of stores, and gone were 300 drums of fuel, a Ferguson tractor, all the coal, the timber for the workshop, the boat and boat gear, besides many engineering stores and most of the seals. All that was left was dog pemmican, the sledge ration boxes, a case of detonators, and a few drums of cement, one literally teetering on the very edge of the ice.

Exhilarating the life near the South Pole may have been, but it was certainly not without its dangers, new as well as old.

The positions of Shackleton and Scott Base were almost identical in latitude, and each was situated at the head of a great sea extending towards the heart of the Antarctic Continent. As they were equally far South the same length of summer and winter was experienced at both, but in other matters there were great dissimilarities. Scott Base lay close to a range of high mountains which extended for hundreds of miles to north and south, and in the summer the open sea reached close to the Base itself which was built on solid rock. By way of contrast, only low, snow-covered hills were visible from Shackleton; 700 miles of

by the member of the Ross Sea expedition who told the Press that no one at Scott Base believed Fuchs had the slightest chance of completing the crossing. Proximity to the outside world had its drawbacks as well as its advantages. In the end, however, the affair proved to be a nine days' wonder, and no great harm was done.

Both parties were a hardy lot, and the doctors did not have many customers, though from time to time there was a certain amount of dental trouble which required attention. The health of the dogs, too, was remarkably good, though on the way out the heat of the tropics, the constant rolling of the ship, and the confined space clearly did not suit animals whose lives had hitherto been spent among the snows and rocks of Greenland. When the party reached Antarctica the dogs were for a time in their element, but it soon became necessary to bring them under cover.

For several weeks we, in our warm hut, had watched the wind speed recorder showing 40, 50, or 60 m.p.h., while the thermometer registered lower and lower temperatures, and had visualised the dogs lying curled up on the snow above us with only their fur and blubber to protect them. As the wind continually swept the snow from the hard compacted surface, they were even denied the usual protection of accumulating drift. Sometimes when we went to visit them they would rise reluctantly to greet us, but often their warmth had melted the snow they lay on, which then froze again, tearing their hair from their bodies or tails as they struggled to their feet.

In these circumstances something obviously had to be done to alleviate their lot, and a long trench was accordingly dug, and in the walls of it alcoves were cut for the dogs to live in; the whole trench system was then roofed over, so that in future there was plenty of space for the dogs as well as room for those who fed them to stand up and walk about, while the provision of electric light was a later refinement. So, when the really cold weather began, "all the dogs were under cover and enjoying calm and relative warmth, for even with an outdoor temperature of -60 degs F. the tunnels remained above zero."

The seasons, it may be added, were sharply defined; from the middle of April until the middle of August the sun was never seen, and from time to time there would be a blizzard of a week's duration. These were the only really trying periods, for there was nothing for the party to do except feed the dogs, and dig away the snow outside the door to prevent themselves from becoming completely buried. It was then that the wireless proved a veritable godsend, and prevented that feeling of isolation which had been the bane of earlier explorers.

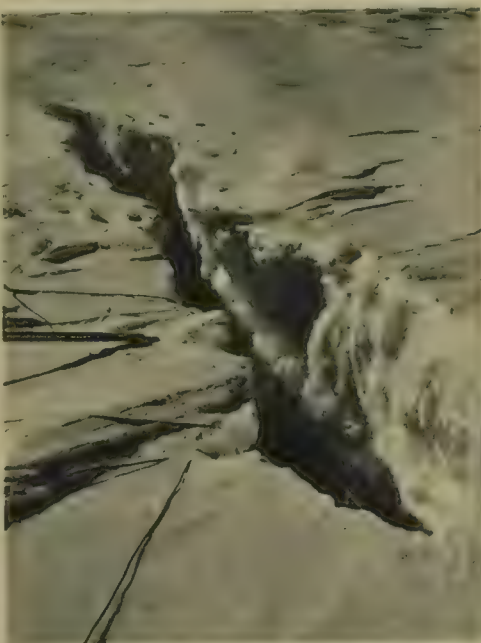
Altogether an absorbing story, with colour photographs so striking that Sir Vivian Fuchs has felt obliged to insert a note to the effect that they are not a trick of colour photography.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 820 of this issue.



ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SIR VIVIAN FUCHS.

Sir Vivian Fuchs, who was Leader of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, took part in his first Arctic Expedition in 1929—when he was geologist with the Cambridge East Greenland Expedition. Born in 1908, he was educated at Brighton College and at St. John's College, Cambridge. He has taken part in, and led, numerous expeditions, and in 1950 was appointed Director of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Scientific Bureau. This is his first book.



A RESCUE OPERATION IN PROGRESS OF A SLEDGE AND DOGS CAUGHT IN A CREVASSE.

sea ice lay between it and the open water, while the Base was built on a floating ice-shelf. These factors might be expected to provide some climatic differences, but life at Scott Base was also influenced by the close proximity of the Americans at Hut Point only two miles distant. Sir Vivian Fuchs was in command of the Shackleton, and Sir Edmund Hillary of the Scott Base.

These pages afford no indication that relations between the two men were other than harmonious, and the only occasion when we read of any difference between them was when Hillary advised Fuchs not to proceed from the Pole to Scott Base owing to the lateness of the season. This advice, unpalatable as it proved to be to its recipient, was couched in the most friendly terms, and the giver of it said he was "sorry to strike such a sombre note." Fuchs took a contrary view, but expressed it in an equally courteous manner—"Appreciate your concern, but there can be no question of abandoning journey at this stage"—and he signed himself "Bunny." Unfortunately this exchange of messages became public property, and was turned by interested parties into a veritable *cause célèbre*, while the situation was not improved



A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RECOVERY OF SNO-CAT FROM A CREVASSE, USING LIGHT ALUMINIUM BRIDGING. Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Crossing of Antarctica," by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co.

* "The Crossing of Antarctica—The Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition 1955-58." By Sir Vivian Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary. Illustrated. (Cassell; 30s.)



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE Sea Buckthorn (*Hippophae rhamnoides*) is an extremely attractive British native shrub, or small tree, yet how seldom does it find its way into our

gardens! By nature it is usually rather untidily picturesque in outline and habit, with narrow, silvery leaves which suggest some species of willow. But those leaves, instead of being silvery with silky down, and flexible as with willow, are rigid, and covered with minute silvery scales. Although in nature a seaside plant, never, as far as I know, straying any great distance inland of its own free will, it is, nevertheless, perfectly willing to flourish in inland gardens, and is apparently in no way fussy as to what soil it is planted in.

The flowers are unisexual, that is to say, male pollen-producing flowers only will be found on one individual tree, whilst other specimens will have nothing but female or berry-producing flowers. It is important, therefore, in planting for decorative effect, to make sure that there are specimens of both sexes; otherwise if there are nothing but all male or all female bushes there will be no berries. This is important, for the rich old-gold or amber-coloured berries which cluster thickly on the twigs and branchlets, are as attractive as the silvery leaves. The effect of gold and silver is enchanting, and berried branches are delightful for gathering for the house.

Three or four years ago I planted a small colony of Sea Buckthorn in my garden, and foolishly took a chance and in ordering the trees made no mention of wanting assorted sexes, and to-day I am uncertain whether I was lucky or not. Anyway, not a single berry has yet been produced. Next time they flower I shall have to examine the little trees to find out whether they are perhaps all males or all females, and then, if necessary, add a specimen of the right sort to the party. I understand that one male specimen is enough to keep five or six females happy, and amused—and fruitful. Where space is limited and there would only be room in the garden for a single specimen of this attractive shrub, a good plan would be to plant a female berry-bearer, and then graft on a shoot of the male type. This should be enough to ensure berries, for the male flowers produce immense quantities of pollen, which is windborne, for mating purposes. The berries ripen in autumn, and remain on the branches until about February, and that is a useful period for such a striking winter display. Fortunately the

SEA BUCKTHORN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

berries are intensely acid, or acrid, so that birds, no matter how pressed for food, will not touch them.

Sea Buckthorn is capable of growing to a height of 30 to 40 ft., but by judicious pruning it may be restrained, and kept to any reasonable height that the garden situation may demand. As a hedge plant *Hippophae* is excellent, especially for seaside districts, and as the tips of the

seems to be no way of distinguishing the sex of young Sea Buckthorns until they flower.

In planting *Hippophae* for garden effect, a dark, ever-green background should, if possible, be chosen as being the most effective foil for the silvery branches.

Female specimens of Sea Buckthorn growing isolated, and away from any male trees, will not, of

course, produce any of the attractive amber coloured berries, but the flowers of such a specimen may be fertilised and so caused to set berries by procuring a branch of male buckthorn and shaking it, to scatter a shower of the abundant pollen over the female tree.

Among a somewhat varied collection of plants which I grow permanently for bringing into the house from time to time is a miniature olive tree. It grows in a grey-green Japanese pot which once contained a pigmy pine tree—which died. The little olive tree originated from a cutting which was given to me twenty or more years ago, and stands only 9 ins. high, or a trifle less. It has assumed—or, rather, I have caused it to assume—the rugged outlines of a gnarled and ancient tree, with its roots partially exposed. It has long since given up all hope of bursting into

vigorous growth, and I have ensured this by only giving it enough nourishment to keep body and soul—or root and leaf—together. It makes a charming domestic pet, coming into the house for the greater part of the winter months, and then spending the rest of its time knocking about in the unheated greenhouse, or standing about in the open air with sundry other long-suffering dwarf, or rather dwarfed, trees of my own making.

Once in two or three years I knock it out of its pot, slice away some of the ball of matted roots, and re-pot with a little ordinary potting soil, laced with a dash of bone-meal. Some time ago I struck a cutting from my little old olive tree, and now have a pigmy edition of my original pigmy, which has just come into the house for a few weeks' duty. It is in a blue Japanese bowl, 3 ins. in diameter, and it stands exactly 6 ins. high, and is pleasantly irregular in outline. I saw to that.

I find that it is quite easy to strike cuttings of olive. Two- to three-inch twigs taken off with a sharp knife, and dibbled into a pot full of silver sand, or a fifty-fifty mixture of soil and sand, and kept under a bell glass, soon make roots, and some become delightful miniature trees, with hard grey-green leaves, and smooth silvery-grey bark.



THE FEMALE SEA BUCKTHORN (*HIPPOPHAE RHAMNOIDES*): A CLOSE-UP OF "THE RICH OLD-GOLD OR AMBER-COLOURED BERRIES WHICH CLUSTER THICKLY ON THE TWIGS AND BRANCHLETS." "THE BERRIES ARE INTENSELY ACID, OR ACRID, SO THAT BIRDS . . . WILL NOT TOUCH THEM." (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

twigs are armed with sharp, slender spines it is well suited for this purpose. Raising young specimens from seeds is a simple matter, or if plants of either sex are particularly required, layering may be resorted to. Unfortunately there

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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THE RT. HON. JOHN G. DIEFENBAKER, PREMIER OF CANADA, WHO MADE LONDON HIS FIRST STOP IN AN IMPORTANT WORLD TOUR.

Mr. John Diefenbaker, leader of the Canadian Progressive Conservative Party and Prime Minister of Canada since June 1957, arrived in London by air on October 30. He made this country his first stop on a world tour, mainly designed to take him to several Commonwealth countries which he will visit during November and the first weeks of December. When he announced his tour Mr. Diefenbaker spoke of his high regard for his country's association with "the far-flung family of vigorous, forward-looking and freedom-loving countries which comprise the Commonwealth." The programme arranged

for Mr. Diefenbaker is a heavy one. In England he was invited to lunch with the Queen and also to dine with Mr. Macmillan at 10, Downing Street. There, and on other occasions, it was expected that he would hold political talks with Mr. Macmillan and other British Cabinet members. After spending a week-end in Scotland and afterwards returning to London as guest of honour at the Mansion House, Mr. Diefenbaker was due to leave Britain on November 4 for France, Germany and Italy. He then goes to Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia and New Zealand.

Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.

ACQUIRED; AND AT AUCTION: A MANUSCRIPT DISCOVERY, AND OTHER ITEMS.



"ANGEL APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS": ONE OF THE 14 FULL-PAGE MINIATURES IN THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED LLANGATTOCK BOOK OF HOURS. (Page size: 10½ by 7½ ins.)



ONE OF THE PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF HOURS WITH A HISTORIATED INITIAL—SHOWING CHRIST THE SAVIOUR. THE WHOLE BOOK IS IN SUPERB CONDITION.



"THE ANNUNCIATION"—A MINIATURE SHOWING THE AFFINITY OF THE LLANGATTOCK BOOK OF HOURS TO THE STYLE OF VAN EYCK AND THE FAMOUS TURIN BOOK OF HOURS.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.: "DIANA," A MARBLE BY J. A. HOUDON. This masterpiece by Houdon has been purchased by the National Gallery of Art in Washington with funds donated by Mrs. Syma Busiel, whose generosity has also enabled the Gallery to acquire the outstanding Rubens sketch for a tapestry—"The Meeting of Abraham and Melchizedek"—which was sold at Sotheby's on July 2 for the record price of £33,000, and was reproduced in our issue of July 12.



THE ORIGINAL FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CALF BINDING OF THE LLANGATTOCK BOOK OF HOURS, WHICH IS TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON DECEMBER 8. IT IS STAMPED WITH THE BINDER'S NAME, LIVINUS STUART, AND BEARS THE UNIDENTIFIED ARMS OF THE ORIGINAL OWNER.



ACQUIRED BY THE WORCESTER ART MUSEUM, WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS: "ST. BARTHOLOMEW," BY REMBRANDT. (Oil on panel: 24½ by 18½ ins.)

This powerful early Rembrandt, which is dated to about 1632, has been purchased by the Worcester Art Museum, through the Charlotte E. W. Buffington Fund. It was discovered in Paris in about 1920, and was purchased then by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, of Washington. It is the first Rembrandt acquired by the Worcester Art Museum.



TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON NOVEMBER 27: A LOUIS XV MARQUETRY TABLE A DESSUS COUTISSANT, STAMPED J. F. OEBEN. (Width, 31 ins.)

A very fine mid-fifteenth-century Flemish Book of Hours—in superb condition and in its original calf binding by Livinus Stuart of Ghent (d. 1477)—is the highlight of a sale at Christie's on December 8. It is being sold by order of the Trustees of the last Baron Llangattock, who was killed in 1916, and was found quite recently at the bottom of a basket of silver at "The Hendre," the Llangattock family home near Monmouth. The book contains 163 leaves, among them fourteen full-page miniatures, and experts agree



ALSO IN THE LLANGATTOCK SALE: A MARQUETRY SECRETAIRE A RIDEAUX, BY R.V.L.C. (Height, 45 ins.)



WITH THE HIDDEN DRAWER AND JAPANESE LACQUER BOOK REST OPEN: THE LOUIS XV MARQUETRY TABLE.

that its style is close to that of Van Eyck and the miniaturist who completed the famous Turin Book of Hours, of which only a quarter has survived while the Llangattock Book of Hours is complete. Wilhelm Vrelant, the Flemish miniaturist, has also been suggested as the artist of some of the leaves. Also from the Llangattock estate are the two outstanding pieces shown above, which come up at Christie's on November 27 together with other important French furniture from the same source and other collections.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XIV. CHARTERHOUSE.



A CRICKET MATCH IN PROGRESS IN FRONT OF THE MAIN BUILDING AT GODALMING—THE SCHOOL'S HOME SINCE 1872.



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS: THE NEW STUDIO, WHICH WAS COMPLETED THIS YEAR.

The Public School Commissioners who reported on Charterhouse in 1864 stated it was their opinion that "the school would thrive much better if removed to some eligible site in the country." Thus, in 1872, the School moved from its original home in Charterhouse Square, London, to its present elevated situation at Godalming, Surrey, a few miles south-west of Guildford. The move took place during the Headmastership of Dr. Haig Brown, who came

to be regarded as a second Founder. Charterhouse was founded during the reign of James I and is the most famous of the seventeenth-century English schools. The Founder was an Old Etonian, Thomas Sutton, who had acquired a fortune through the discovery of coal on his estates near Newcastle-on-Tyne and who purchased the Carthusian monastery in Charterhouse Square which had been dissolved during the reign of Henry VIII.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

FROM POTTERY TO HAYMAKING: ACTIVITIES IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL AT CHARTERHOUSE.



A SCENE DURING A POTTERY CLASS: BOYS MAKING VARIOUS PIECES IN THE ART SCHOOL AT CHARTERHOUSE.



WOODWORK IN PROGRESS IN ONE OF THE SPACIOUS CARPENTRY WORKSHOPS AT THE SCHOOL.



BOYS LOOKING AT ZOOLOGICAL EXHIBITS WHICH FORM PART OF THE NOTED COLLECTION OF THE SCHOOL MUSEUM.



MEMBERS OF THE COMBINED CADET FORCE, SUPERVISED BY AN INSTRUCTOR, DURING A COMMANDO COURSE.



IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE HALL: A MEMBER OF THE MUSIC STAFF ACCOMPANYING THE TREBLES AND ALTOS.



THE SCENE DURING A GEOGRAPHY CLASS IN ONE OF THE SCHOOL'S WELL-EQUIPPED CLASSROOMS.



A MEMBER OF THE MUSIC STAFF CONDUCTING WOODWIND PLAYERS OF THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.



A POPULAR PASTIME: SAILING ON THE NEARBY FRESHAM PONDS—PREPARING SOME OF THE SCHOOL BOATS FOR AN OUTING.



FROM WEIGHT-LIFTING TO HEADSTANDS: A STRIKING SCENE IN THE GYMNASIUM AT CHARTERHOUSE.



MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERHOUSE FARMERS' SECTION HAYMAKING IN THE SCHOOL GROUNDS.

In its first home, the former monastery in Charterhouse Square, Charterhouse was closely associated with the Hospital for poor people which formed part of the same foundation. The people cared for in the Hospital later became known as Old Cods. They are mentioned in "The Newcomes," the novel by Thackeray, who was an Old Carthusian. Following the move to Godalming, however, the relationship between the School and the Old Cods has



A PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY CLASS IN ONE OF THE SCHOOL'S MODERN CHEMICAL LABORATORIES.

become less close; but boys still visit the London Charterhouse from school, and have a second London link in Charterhouse-in-Southwark—the School mission, founded in the 1880's. Of the boys at Charterhouse some sixty hold scholarships from Sutton's Foundation, and a few others are supported by the Surrey County Council. Originally, provision was made for only forty scholars.



BOYS USING THE SCHOOL'S LINK TRAINER IN THE R.A.F. ROOM OF THE COMBINED CADET FORCE.

AT A FAMOUS PUBLIC SCHOOL: SCENES FAMILIAR TO CARTHUSIANS.



MORNING PRAYERS IN THE WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL, COMPLETED IN 1927 AND DESIGNED BY SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT.



A BUSY SCENE: OUTSIDE THE HALL, DESIGNED BY SIR ARTHUR BLOMFIELD, AND THE LIBRARY AT CHARTERHOUSE.



KEEPING UP TO DATE WITH CURRENT AFFAIRS AND MAKING USE OF THE FINE COLLECTION OF BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY.



IN A DORMITORY IN VERITES HOUSE: BOYS IN THEIR INDIVIDUAL SLEEPING CUBICLES.



ANOTHER SCENE IN VERITES HOUSE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE ROOM WHERE JUNIOR BOYS WERE DOING THEIR EVENING PREPARATION.



A LINK WITH THE PAST: GOWN BOY ARCH, BROUGHT FROM THE ORIGINAL SCHOOL IN LONDON AND CARVED WITH THE NAMES OF OLD CARTHUSIANS.

Among Old Carthusians who have achieved fame, John Wesley and Lord Baden-Powell are particularly notable. The School has also produced a number of distinguished men of letters. In addition to Thackeray, Sir Max Beerbohm, the poets Lovelace and Crashaw, and the essayists Addison and Steele were Old Carthusians. The late Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams was also educated at Charterhouse. The main school buildings were designed by Philip

Hardwick, the architect of the imposing entrance to Euston Station. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's noted Chapel, a memorial to the old boys of the School who fell in the First World War, was constructed between 1922 and 1927. The Museum and Hall were built towards the end of the last century, and were designed by Sir Arthur Blomfield. In recent years considerable extensions have been made to the science laboratories.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

MEMORIES OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC AND ECHOES OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE REGILLUS: A TUSCULAN FAMILY CEMETERY DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

By PROFESSOR MAURIZIO BORDA, Director of the Tusculan Museum and of the Archaeological Zone of Tusculum.

THE position and general appearance of the ancient Latin city of Tusculum, the *municipium antiquissimum* extolled by Cicero in *Pro Plancio* as the progenitor of illustrious and noble families, in turn the ally and enemy of Rome, have been known for over a century as a result of the excavations carried out by order of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, between 1804 and 1810, and by Queen Maria Cristina of Sardinia from 1825 until 1840.

Although a number of very important monuments were unearthed, belonging to a relatively early period of the ancient city's history, such as, for example, a portion of the city wall and a reservoir covered with an ogival roof dating from the sixth and seventh centuries B.C., the burial-ground of Tusculum has until now remained largely a mystery.

Important discoveries in this connection were, however, made in 1965, when there appeared in the wood of Camaldoli, to the north-east of the ancient city, a single chamber-like tomb reached by a corridor, with a curvilinear *cella* surmounted by a dome, enclosing a large sarcophagus of *peperino*, and a number of burial urns containing cremated bones which, according to the inscriptions, belonged to some members of the Gens

excavations brought to light a single urn of volcanic stone, rectangular in shape with four consoles, a lid with a double slope and inscribed with the name in abbreviated form of the deceased,

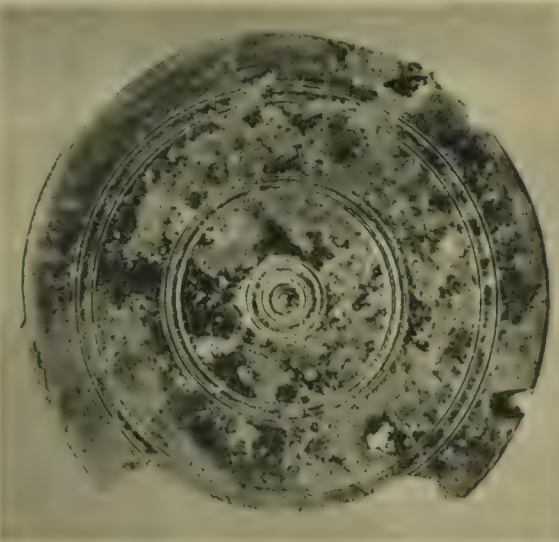


FIG. 1. PERHAPS PART OF A BRONZE CASE FOR A BRONZE MIRROR, WITH BOTH ENGRAVED AND RELIEF DECORATION.

whose cremated bones it contained. But even more significant is the discovery recently made near the beginning of the main road from Tuscolo to Grottaferrata, not far from the villa of Tiberius and the amphitheatre of Tusculum. While work was in progress on the construction of a conduit for conveying water from the road's gutters, some finds were unearthed in the sloping ground alongside the *autostrada*, shaded by a wood of chestnut trees and at a depth of 1½ to 6 ft. There came to light a group of eight box-like cinerary urns (Fig. 4), scooped out of single blocks of stone (*pietra sperone*) and closed with lids with flat mouldings, or which were double-sloped, some of them with consoles at the corners. On the lid or on one of the sides were inscribed the names of the deceased (in one case both the lid and the sides of the urn were completely covered by a layer of white stucco on which the inscription was painted in red). Scattered amongst the urns were found funeral furniture, products of the Faliscan-type of pottery, and also two mirrors (Figs. 2 and 3) made of bronze with engraved decoration.

The discovery of this group of republican tombs soon aroused exceptional interest, both by reason of the new data which it could contribute to our knowledge of the history and topography of Tusculum, and by the extreme rarity of similar findings. Up till now no other examples of this type of burial have been found on Latin territory besides those discovered in the Esquiline necropolis of Rome, in the area between the Piazza Manfredo Fanti and Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, on the occasion of the launching of the new plans for improving the Capitol after 1870. The ossuaries, similar in form, also bore painted inscriptions, though, unfortunately, these were rare. Likewise the urns of the above-mentioned sepulchre of the Furi were painted inscriptions containing the names of some of the members of that Tusculan family.

The new group of recently discovered tombs furnishes another example in the same vein, in which the inscriptions on the lid and the walls of the urns refer indisputably to members of the same Gens. On one of the ossuaries (Fig. 7), in fact, one can read the letters L R A N F (=Lucius Rabirius Neri filius?). On another (Fig. 8) C R A B M F (=Caius Rabirius Marci filius?): on a third RABI(rius?). Also a vase belonging to the funeral furniture (Figs. 16 and 17) carries the following dedication CN RABI CN F =CN(æus) RABI(rius) CN(æi) F(ilius). Four members, therefore, of the same family, Rabiria. Probably the same family who were so well known at Rome in the last century of the Republic, and who, according to Cicero (*Pro Rabirio*), belonged to the Order of Knights. These Tusculan personages certainly must have lived between the second half of the fourth century B.C. and the beginning of the succeeding century.

With regard to the lettering of the inscriptions, although this shows some archaic features (in one case the inscription is right to left),

convincing parallels can be found in epigraphic documents of the fourth and third centuries B.C., such as the funeral monuments of Pesaro, and those recently discovered near Pomezia. The funeral fittings also fall within these chronological limits: the large two-handled cup (*skyphos*) (Figs. 16 and 17), painted with brown glaze and over-painted with white motifs, is a typical product of Faliscan craft of the end of the fourth century and the beginning of the third century, as well as the bowl with an undulating design in brown (Fig. 11), while the small, elegant cup (Fig. 14) in dark glaze, with a wreath of white leaves, the *askos* (Fig. 12) and the goblets with a glaze of light brown and chestnut, are characteristic of *campana* pottery of the third century B.C.

The elongated bronze mirrors, slightly oval in shape with engraved decorations, also fit into this cultural and artistic background: their exceptional interest resides above everything in the fact that they are the only examples of this kind of handicraft, which have until now been found on Latin territory outside the region of Præneste. Neither has anything comparable been found with regard to the symbolism. On one of these (Fig. 2) there appears, surrounded by a wavy fillet representing perhaps the limits of the vault of heaven and flanked by celestial emblems, one of the Dioscuri, semi-nude, with a cloak wound across his body and in the saddle of his prancing horse. A subject of particular significance in Tusculan territory, where the cult of the twin demi-gods introduced perhaps by Rome after the celebrated battle of Lake Regillus (one of these appeared after that victory in the Forum at Rome, in the form of the celestial messenger leading his horse to drink at



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE TWO REMARKABLE BRONZE MIRRORS FOUND AT TUSCULUM. THE ENGRAVED DESIGN SHOWS ONE OF THE DIOSCURI—THE HEAVENLY TWINS—MOUNTED ON A HORSE. (Height, 10½ ins. [27 cm.])

Probably dating from the beginning of the third century B.C., mirrors like these are unique in Latium except in the district of Præneste. The cult of the Heavenly Twins was especially associated with Tusculum and is the subject of Macaulay's poem, "The Battle of Lake Regillus."

Furia, an ancient Tusculan family, a member of which was Marcus Furius Camillus, the liberator of Rome from the Gallic hordes. Unfortunately these precious historical documents have been irrevocably lost. Only three centuries later the construction of the new *autostrada* from Frascati to Tuscolo, which was completed in 1953, and that of the recently completed trunk road from Tuscolo to Grottaferrata, encroaching on the untouched slopes of the Tusculan hill, have afforded a favourable opportunity for the discovery of new tombs.

In 1952 the last stretch of the ascent of the *autostrada* near to an old flint-stone pit in the locality known as *Camposanto*, a survival, perhaps, from early times of diggings for tombs, the



FIG. 3. THE FINER AND BETTER PRESERVED OF THE BRONZE MIRRORS FOUND AT TUSCULUM, WITH A VERSION OF THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS. (Height, 11½ ins. [29 cm.])

In this the design shows, on the left, the youthful Paris raising his right hand in indicating his choice, Venus, who is seated on the right. Between them stands the bejewelled Juno, rejected and indignant. On the extreme right, a dove, the bird of Venus, is perched on the basin of a fountain.

the fountain of Juturna), has been marked by a temple dedicated to them, situated, it appears, on the acropolis of Tusculum, where an inscription referring to the restoration of this building after it had been struck by lightning has been discovered.

The other mirror (Fig. 3), much superior to the former in formal quality, is decorated with a new version of the Judgment of Paris. Although this celebrated mythological episode has been dealt with so often by the engravers of Etruscan and Latin mirrors, and in the same abbreviated manner, owing to the limitations of space, with two single figures of goddesses, no representation of this scene known to us has quite the same form as this one. Paris is seated on the extreme left of the scene, youthful, wrapped in a [Continued overleaf.

THE URNS OF A TUSCULAN FAMILY WHOSE DESCENDANT CICERO DEFENDED.



FIG. 4. A GROUP OF STONE BURIAL URNS OF MEMBERS OF THE GENS RABIRIA, FOUND NEAR TUSCULUM DURING THE BUILDING OF AN AUTOSTRADA. 4th-3rd CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 5. ONE OF THE STONE URNS AT THE MOMENT OF DISCOVERY, WITH THE ROOF-LIKE LID TO THE LEFT. THE INSCRIPTION CAN BE SEEN ON THE FRONT OF THE URN.



FIG. 6. THE INTERIOR OF TWO OF THE URNS, WHICH CONTAINED ONLY THE CREMATED BONES. THE GRAVE GOODS WHICH WERE FOUND WERE SCATTERED NEAR THE URNS.

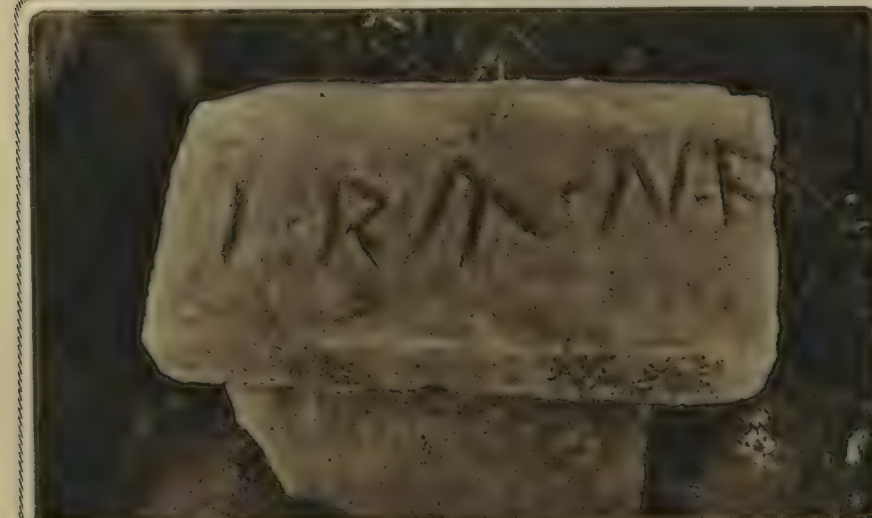


FIG. 7. ONE OF THE BEST PRESERVED INSCRIPTIONS. IT CAN BE INTERPRETED, WITH SOME CONFIDENCE, AS "L(UCIUS) RA(BIRIUS) N(ERI) F(ILIUS)". (About 14½ ins. high [36 cm.])



FIG. 8. THIS IS THE LARGEST URN AND THE INSCRIPTION, IN CHARACTERS WHICH DATE IT TO THE FOURTH-THIRD CENTURY B.C., READS: "C(AIUS) RA(BIRIUS) M(ARCI FILIUS)."

Continued from preceding page.] cloak, and pointing with his right hand at the goddess chosen as the winner of this exceptional concourse of beauty: Venus, who is seated before him in a vivacious and graceful pose, proudly raising her head and clutching her necklace with her right hand. Seated with legs astride, almost submerged in the voluminous drapery, her figure possesses a rhythmic elegance. Juno stands nearby ostentatiously adorned with ear-rings and necklace, with her right hand resting on her hips, a gesture of patient expectation; on the extreme right is the dove of Venus on the basin of a fountain. The composition is carried out with sober and effective imagery, and is an example of the typical mode of production of the handicraft of Central Italy from the second half of the fourth century B.C. until the beginning of the succeeding century (painted Faliscan pottery, and *cists*

and mirrors of Præneste). Together with the box-shaped urns were found four small terracotta urns (Fig. 13) in the shape of ovoid pots, grey-chestnut in colour, the lids provided with a knob. These urns display characteristics of a cultural phase decidedly later than the urns made of *sperone*, and probably date from the end of the third century to the beginning of the next. The original arrangement of this group of tombs is still an open question. Were the urns of *pietra sperone* deposited in the chamber of a collective sepulchre, such as the one of the Gens Furia, or were they simply placed at the bottom of a pit dug out of fresh ground, such as in the Esquiline buildings? It is difficult to answer this question because we do not know if the place where the discoveries were made is the same as the original position. In the first case we have to suppose that the [Continued opposite.

GRAVE GOODS OF THE GENS RABIRIA; AND NEW LIGHT ON ANCIENT TUSCULUM.



FIG. 9. AMONG THE GRAVE GOODS: A BOWL WITH A BRIGHT BROWN GLAZE AND AN IMPRESSED DECORATION. THIRD CENTURY B.C. (Diameter, 5½ ins. [14.5 cm.])

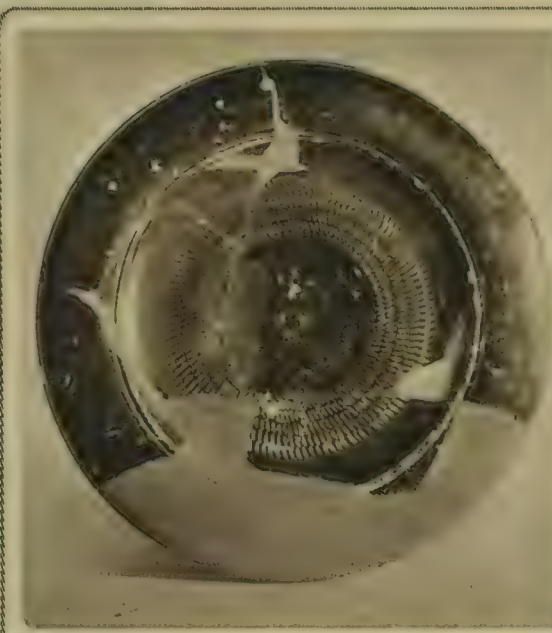


FIG. 10. A PLATE OF THE SAME CAMPANA WARE AS FIG. 9, ALSO WITH A BROWN GLAZE, BUT INCISED DECORATION. THIRD CENTURY B.C. (Diameter, 7½ ins. [18.5 cm.])



FIG. 11. A FALISCAN FOOTED BOWL. THE RUNNING WAVE AND STYLED FLOWER DESIGN ARE BROWN ON A YELLOWISH-FAWN GROUND. (Diameter, 5½ ins. [13.5 cm.])



FIG. 12. A PLEASANT SMALL ASKOS OR STIRRUP-JUG, ALSO BROWN-GLAZED—A SHAPE BASED ORIGINALLY ON THE WINE-SKIN. THIRD CENTURY B.C. (Diameter, c. 4 ins. [10 cm.])



FIG. 13. A SMALL LIDDED CINERARY URN OF A ROUGH WARE, GREYISH-CHESTNUT IN COLOUR. LATER THAN THE STONE URNS, THIRD-SECOND CENTURY B.C. (Total height, 7½ ins. [20 cm.])



FIG. 14. AN ELEGANT SMALL TWO-HANDLED CUP OF THE KANTHAROS TYPE: DARK BROWN WITH A RUNNING LEAF PATTERN IN WHITE WITH SOME ORANGE-BROWN. (Height, 3½ ins. [9.5 cm.])



FIG. 15. A SMALL TWO-HANDLED POT, WITH RED-BROWN DECORATION ON AN ORANGE BACKGROUND. PART OF THE FUNERAL FURNITURE. (Height, 7½ ins. [19 cm.])



FIGS. 16 AND 17. TWO VIEWS OF A LARGE FALISCAN SKYPHOS (TWO-HANDLED CUP) WITH WHITE DECORATION ON BROWN AND A SCRATCHED INSCRIPTION: "CN(AEUS) RABI(RIUS) CN(AEI) F(ILIUS)." (Height, 7½ ins. [18 cm.])



Continued from opposite page.] chamber which contained the urns has been completely destroyed, in the second case, that the group of urns had already been discovered in antiquity, perhaps during some agricultural work or building operations (as, for example, the construction of the neighbouring road or the amphitheatre), and was then transported and reburied in this place (one of the urns appears in fact to have been dug up and its lid discarded a short distance away). Further excavations will have to be made before the above questions can be answered with any certainty. We also do not know the shape of the tombs which contain the small clay urns. The experience derived from similar discoveries supports the theory that they were deposited in cases constructed from blocks and slabs of stone. The period from which this nucleus of the Tusculan necropolis dates coincided with a phase of relative

tranquillity and prosperity for this region. In fact, the date on which the Tusculan family of Rabirii began the practice of depositing the cremated remains of their relatives in stone tombs on their own land, was not far removed in time from the date (about 381 B.C.), when Tusculum was awarded Roman citizenship. Once it became a *municipium*, the city was safeguarded from the ambushes of the neighbouring Italian peoples, and enjoyed this state from the end of the fourth century B.C. for a long period of peace, which was not even disturbed by the fleeting appearance of Hannibal in 211, and which lasted until the succeeding century. To the final phase of this historical period one can probably attribute the tombs with clay pots, thus bringing the period covered by the burials up to the threshold of the second century B.C.



WHY ARE ANIMALS WHERE THEY ARE? LAND-BRIDGES, CONTINENTAL DRIFT, AND

In former times, animals and plants were not distributed over the land-masses as they are today. This is clear from the fossils. It can also be seen from the study of the rocks, as well as the fossils they contain, that continents have changed in the past. How the changes in the shape and position of the continents have been brought about, and what is the significance of the present distribution of the animals, are questions to which no positive answers can be given. The two main theories put forward to account for them are strongly opposed. One school of thought favours explaining everything by land-bridges that have since disappeared. It also sees the positions of the continents as fixed, but with the outlines of the continents changed by submergence of

some parts and the emergence of fresh areas from beneath the sea, aided by erosion over long periods of time. It is, for example, certain that the British Isles were once joined to the Continent of Europe, and that Alaska and Eastern Siberia were once continuous. A former land-bridge across what is now the Bering Straits would explain much of the similarity between the faunas of North America, Europe and Asia. The opposing school favours the theory of drifting continents. In this, it is assumed that there was originally one large mass of land floating on a magma, that it broke up and that the various parts have drifted apart. First put forward by Wegener, this hypothesis has the merit of simplicity, and the way in which the present continents can be fitted

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker.

OTHER THEORIES PUT FORWARD TO EXPLAIN THE DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.

together seems to uphold it. In the Southern Hemisphere, for example, the presence of ostrich-like birds in so many places seems to uphold the theory that there was once a single large continent, which has been called Gondwanaland, stretching from present Australia through South Africa to South America. At the same time, the theory of drifting continents could also be used to explain their distribution. The presence of marsupials in Australia and South America is also equally indecisive. On the other hand, the pigs of the Old World and the peccaries, their counterpart, of the New World differ substantially, while the monkeys of the Old World and those of the New World, although superficially alike, differ in many important features. Then there are such anomalies

F.R.S.A., with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.

as the similarities between insects and plants in New Zealand and South America, which can best be explained by supposing that the two countries were formerly joined by land-bridges with Antarctica. A third theory, the flotsam theory, maintains that plants and animals could be carried from one land-mass to another on logs or rafts of vegetation. And a fourth theory is illustrated by present-day rhinoceroses. In former times rhinoceroses were widely spread over Europe, Asia and Africa, but they have died out except in South-East Asia and Africa. The truth seems to be that none of these theories—which are illustrated in Mr. Neave Parker's drawing—is wholly right, and none is wholly wrong. The difficulty lies in apportioning the merits of each.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE word "aquatic" is used indiscriminately for animals living in fresh water or salt. It is also used indiscriminately in another way. If "aquatic" is taken in its true meaning it indicates something living wholly in water, which few so-called aquatic mammals do. Poissonier recognised this in the eighteenth century when he gave it as his opinion that it was doubtful whether we were justified even in speaking of an otter as amphibious. He argued that an otter merely derived its food from water, and that, in the broader sense, it lived on land.

When we reflect on it, Poissonier appears to be correct, and in following up his arguments some interesting biological points emerge. An otter, that is, the otter of Europe and North America, but not the sea-otter of the Pacific coast of North America, is beautifully adapted, as we say, for life in the water. It can swim and dive well. Its feet are webbed, its body is streamlined, which means, among other things, that its tail is not sharply marked off from the body but is broad at the root so that body and tail pass insensibly one into the other. The fur is waterproof, and an otter that has been swimming for some time needs only to shake itself to get rid of the water. And an otter can close its nostrils and ears when submerged.

OTTERS NOT AQUATIC?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

rarely, it will sever leaves or stems underwater, let them float to the surface and then carry them to the bank to eat them.

Further than this, a water vole has practically no special equipment for life in the water. Its feet are not webbed; at best there is a fringe of hairs, difficult to make out, along the side of each foot which might be construed as making the foot more paddle-like. It is a poor swimmer, although always described as a skilful swimmer, and when swimming the legs are moved in the same way as when running on land. The rapid action of the legs gives an impression of skill and speed, but, if carefully compared, a water vole swims less skilfully and no more speedily than a brown rat, which is a typical land animal. Moreover, a water vole does not like water. I have been surprised at the number of times I have seen a water vole accidentally fall into water when running along a bank, and then scramble out as quickly as possible.

one feeding ground to another, and to tumble into quickly for escape, but mainly it does not live in water and uses it as a refuge. It is interesting to recall, therefore, that over a large part of Europe its place is taken by its nearest relative, which is known as *Arvicola terrestris*, and



A PORTRAIT OF AN OTTER, CLEARLY SHOWING THE LONG WHISKERS WHICH ARE PROBABLY THE CHIEF SENSE-ORGAN UNDER WATER.



THE REMARKABLE TORPEDO-SHAPE OF THE OTTER REVEALED BY THE CAMERA: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE STREAMLINED BODY OF AN OTTER SWIMMING UNDERWATER WITH ITS LEGS FOLDED BACK ON THE BODY.

Precisely how much of its time an otter spends in water would be difficult to say. That is, it has never been computed how many hours, on an average, out of the twenty-four hours a day an otter spends in water and how many it spends on land. We know, however, that a tame otter can remain healthy and, so far as can be seen, contented even if it has access to water only at long intervals, provided it is well-fed. Even an otter kept in captivity and with plenty of water available spends a great deal of time on land. Probably most otters that have been kept as pets would have spent even less time in water than they have if their owners had not made a practice of throwing their food into water, or, when playing with them, had not thrown playthings into water for them to retrieve.

We normally think of wild otters spending much of their waking hours in water, and because these animals are nocturnal it is difficult to say whether they do or do not. There is, however, a great deal of circumstantial evidence that they do not. The places where they rest are beside water or near water. They breed on land, their litters are born on land, and the young otters spend the first part of their lives on land. Tracks in the mud, and other signs, show that grown otters travel much overland. They are said to have travelled 15 miles overland in a night. There is little doubt that they forage much on land, since their food is known to include, in addition to fish and frogs, land animals and birds.

The life of an otter is the reverse of that of a hippopotamus, which spends most of its time in water but takes most of its food on land. A hippopotamus is, however, spoken of as amphibious, not as aquatic. Indeed, its scientific name is *Hippopotamus amphibius*. The water vole, which has been named *Arvicola amphibius*, spends even less time in the water than the hippopotamus, yet it is always spoken of as aquatic. It feeds mainly on land, sometimes among vegetation growing out of water, and,



ENJOYING A MEAL ON LAND: AN OTTER, WHICH IS EQUIPPED WITH WEB FEET FOR SWIMMING. IT CAN CLOSE ITS NOSTRILS AND EARS TO REMAIN SUBMERGED, BUT IT USES THE RIVER MAINLY AS A SOURCE OF FOOD, WHICH IT BRINGS ON LAND TO EAT. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

A water vole is, however, an adept at diving or at tumbling into water for refuge at the slightest alarm. After having studied it closely, I would say that a water vole uses water to swim from

is entirely terrestrial and mole-like in its burrowing habits.

The moment we start to examine an animal's habits in relation to those of its nearest relatives, our picture of them comes into perspective. The otter belongs to the carnivore family *Mustelidae*, which includes badger, stoat, weasel, marten, polecat, mink, skunk, and a few others. All of these we would call terrestrial, although the mink feeds on fresh-water crustacea, fish and frogs. The otter, as we in Europe are apt to call it, is only one of several. The clawless otter of South and East Africa is a marsh-dweller and feeds on frogs and molluscs. The giant Brazilian otter, 6½ ft. long including a rudder-like tail, lives in the waters of the Amazon. The sea-otter of the north Pacific coasts, 4½ ft. long, including a foot of tail, spends most of its time floating in the kelp-beds, offshore, and seldom comes on land, and if it does so it finds itself severely handicapped.

Within this one family, therefore, we have a reasonably complete series, showing a transition from wholly terrestrial to wholly aquatic living, with several between these two extremes that are marsh-dwellers or are amphibious in varying degrees. A stoat is typically terrestrial. It lives and feeds on land, yet there are a number of records of stoats seen swimming and frolicking in water, and from my own observation of a tame stoat I would suggest that the species as a whole takes readily to water and enjoys it. The mink is more water-loving than a stoat, which it closely resembles in build. It feeds on aquatic animals and it will also play and frolic in water. An otter also will play in water, as well as hunt some of its food there, but in its play and its manoeuvring in water there is a strong similarity to the frolicsome play of both mink and stoat. The chief differences between them are that an otter, by virtue of its long rudder-like tail and strongly-webbed feet, has the greater speed and endurance in water, and by being able to close nostrils and ears under water can stay submerged more readily. But it is not fully aquatic, like the sea-otter.

Within one family, and especially among certain members of that family, there has grown a liking for playing in water. In others, this has been taken a step further, and water is used as a medium for food-getting. And in the last stage, as represented by the sea-otter, the animal is wholly water-living. The European otter (*Lutra lutra*), with its related forms in Asia, North and South America and in Africa, all much alike in their habits, is not wholly aquatic, and it must be a matter of taste whether to agree with Poissonier that it is not strictly amphibious, but merely draws its food from water. The distinction may

be a subtle one, but there is this to be said; an otter is not specially adapted to life in water, as is so often written, it is specially adapted to seek some of its food in water.

OTTER CUBS AS PETS: THE STORY OF *TOPSY* AND *TURVY*.



REARING A YOUNG OTTER CUB: *TURVY* BEING FED A PROPRIETARY PUPPY FOOD FROM A BOTTLE. AT FIRST THE CUBS WERE GIVEN WARM COW'S MILK FROM A PIPETTE.



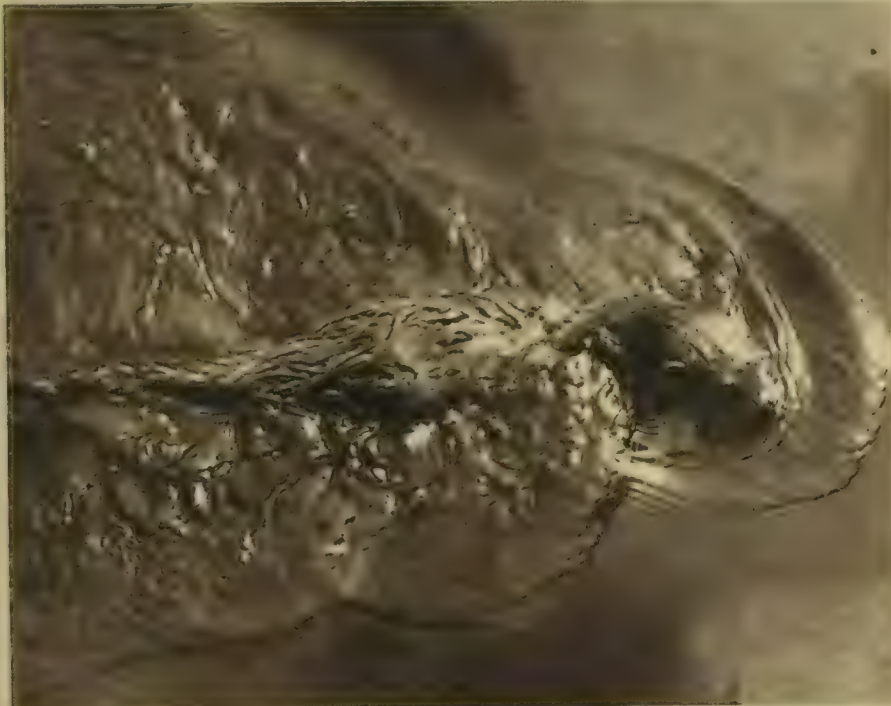
BEFORE LONG THE CUBS LEARNT TO LAP MILK. IT WAS A MESSY BUSINESS AS *TURVY*, WHO WAS STRONGER AND MORE ADVANCED THAN HIS SISTER, INVARIABLY STEPPED IN THE SAUCER.



SHOWING AN INSTINCTIVE TENDENCY TO CLIMB: *TOPSY* AND *TURVY* CLIMBING UP MR. NEAL'S JACKET. THEY WOULD OFTEN CLIMB UP INSIDE HIS TROUSERS IF GIVEN A CHANCE



ENJOYING A CLIMB OVER ROCKS: *TURVY* AT ABOUT NINE WEEKS OLD. *TOPSY* UNFORTUNATELY DIED OF A PERFORATED DUODENUM WHEN ABOUT EIGHT WEEKS OLD... A STRANGE COMPLAINT FOR AN ANIMAL BEING WEANED.



TURVY HAVING A SWIM. HE WAS GIVEN HIS FIRST SIGHT OF WATER ON A LARGE SCALE WHEN TWELVE WEEKS OLD AND HE PROVED TO BE SOMEWHAT RELUCTANT TO GO IN. ONCE HE HAD GOT USED TO WATER HE LOVED IT AND SHOWED GREAT DEXTERITY.



ONE OF HIS FAVOURITE PASTIMES: *TURVY* PLAYING WITH A RUBBER RING IN A BATH OF WATER. HE WAS EXTREMELY PLAYFUL AND WHEN THE WEATHER WAS WARM LIKED NOTHING BETTER THAN PLAYING IN A BATH OF WATER WITH A TOY.



A DIVERSION WHILE OUT FOR A WALK: *TURVY* BITING PLAYFULLY AT HIS MASTER'S SHOE. THOUGH HE WOULD FOLLOW LIKE A DOG AND GO FOR QUITE LONG WALKS, HE COULD NOT RESIST GOING FOR HIS MASTER'S SHOES.

Last February Mr. Ernest Neal, who is a master at Taunton School, took into his care two young otter cubs which had been found in an old drain near Glastonbury. They were about five weeks old and were squealing with hunger as they had apparently lost their mother owing to some accident. Mr. Neal, who has sent us these photographs and the information about the cubs, called them *Topsy* and *Turvy*. They weighed about 1½ lb. when found, and it looked as if their eyes had not been open for very long. At first fed from a pipette

and then by bottle the cubs had four meals a day, and between them they slept in a box in the kitchen on a hot-water bottle covered in sacking. In the evening they became quite lively and would play together on the mat. Their habits and pastimes are illustrated in the photographs. *Topsy* died when about eight weeks old. "*Turvy* is now a wonderful animal and very tame," writes Mr. Neal. "He spends as much time as possible in the water, and eats great quantities of raw meat every day, which he greatly prefers to fish."

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

BENSON'S DAY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is always hard to write briefly about anybody who has been occupying one's mind for a long time. On November 4 we celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of F. R. (Sir Frank) Benson, the Shakespearean actor-manager, one of the most remarkable and loved personages in the record of the stage. I am now completing his biography; since it was

It is, I repeat, not easy to write briefly of one to whom I can say, "I that loved thee since my day began." Let me add simply that this Wykehamist son of a Hampshire squire made a name as Clytemnestra in the famous Oxford "Agamemnon," acted with Irving for a short time, went out to the hurly of the provinces, and was able by good chance to run a company of his own when he was still in the mid-twenties. A few years later he married the actress Constance Fetherstonhaugh, to whom Bensonians bow in tribute. Between them they made the company what it was, a touring university of the stage. "Poor players or begging friars," Benson said, "we go up and down the land that people may never go without an opportunity of seeing Shakespeare played by a company dedicated to his service."

From this dedicated band, through the years, came player upon player—and I take the names at random—Henry Ainley, Matheson Lang, Oscar Asche, George Weir, Frank Rodney, O. B. Clarence, Lily Brayton, Baliol Holloway, Graham Browne, Dorothy Green, Harcourt Williams, Nancy Price, Esmé Percy, Helen Haye, Nora Nicholson, Randle Ayrton, Laurence Irving, Walter Hampden, Lyall Swete, Leslie Faber, Henry Caine, Arthur Whitby, Ethel Carrington, Tita Brand, Basil Rathbone, H. O. Nicholson, Frank Cochrane, Violet Farebrother, Robert Donat, Henry Oscar, Barry Jones, G. F. Hannam-Clark, H. R. Hignett: I can extend the list for many unchronological paragraphs, and still omit player upon player who should be named. All were deeply loyal to the Benson tradition, and to their leader ("Pa," though none would have called him that to his face). He sought to show that "life for all of us, especially for the artist and the actor, is a kind of Lampadephoria in which the runners, swift or slow, short-lived or enduring, pass on the torch, radiant or flickering, from hand to hand."

Benson's active career spanned more than fifty years. King George V knighted him (still in the robes of the slain Caesar) at Drury Lane during the Shakespeare Tercentenary performance of 1916. On the Whit Monday of 1932, with his Bensonians round him, Sir Frank acted in Stratford for the last time at a special matinée of "The Merchant of Venice" in the new Memorial. The curtain fell after Shylock's exit from the court. I had never heard such applause in any theatre as when the curtain rose again on Benson bowing to his cast. Many in the house rose involuntarily to cheer when W. Bridges-Adams, the Stratford Director, advanced from the wings with a laurel chaplet, labelled simply "Pa," which he laid at Benson's feet.

On New Year's Eve, 1939, Benson died in London at the age of eighty-one. He and his company did a very great deal for the good name of the profession. The letters piled high by my desk speak now for the impression made long ago by Frank and Constance Benson and their loyal artists. Benson legends, Benson truths, Benson stories: these have multiplied, and I am surveying them all in their proper places. Here, at the anniversary, I may be permitted to quote what I said some years ago. Even in his decline there were moments when all the lights went up in the theatre, and Benson wore again the rose of youth. One of these moments was at the end of the Play scene in "Hamlet" on a farewell tour. At the age of seventy-two his Prince could be hardly more than a tired autumnal figure. Yet suddenly, as Hamlet turned with the excited cry, "O, good Horatio, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound," the years slid away: for just a minute, no

longer, we saw the young Frank Benson as he might have appeared in the same scene at the Stratford-upon-Avon Memorial Theatre forty-five years before. There was a flame in the man. It endured.

After this, any notes upon the plays of the current week must be an anti-climax. Frankie Howerd has appeared at the Prince of Wales's in a musical play called "Mister Venus." A visitor from Venus (Anton Diffring) comes to earth with a message of love. He meets Mr. Howerd. The result is a shambling fantasy in which only the comedian and the choreographers (Paddy Stone and Irving Davies) emerge with much credit. Mr. Howerd can be very funny in the desperate agony of a television speech, and another scene in which, an illicit visitor to the studios during a powerful TV drama, he is surging round the floor like a baffled whale. This could make a good variety sketch: Howerd is never funnier than when he is in blundering, but good-humoured, despair.

That is child's play to him. "Child's Play" is also the title of a Players' Theatre revue which Sean Rafferty has written with the aid of six composers. Mr. Rafferty can be wistful, but he is happiest, I feel, with the macabre. One will remember this unassuming revue for Geoffrey Hibbert's consternation as a well-meaning amateur illusionist who has sawed the body in half, and for Mr. Hibbert and Rose Hill (she is straight from an Addams drawing) in a poltergeist-haunted pub. Miss Hill has a splendidly positive attack, and Mr. Rafferty has reason to be grateful to her.



A SCENE FROM "END-GAME," BY SAMUEL BECKETT (AUTHOR OF "WAITING FOR GODOT"), WHICH—WITH THE SAME AUTHOR'S "KRAPP'S LAST TAPE"—OPENED AT THE ROYAL COURT ON OCTOBER 28. LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: NELL (FRANCES CUKA), NAGG (RICHARD GOOLDEN)—THE LEGLESS PARENTS—CLOV, THE SERVANT (JACK MACGOWRAN), AND HAMM (GEORGE DEVINE).

announced, letters have rained in both from surviving Bensonians—members of that noble fellowship of players—and from playgoers, the country over, who recall how Frank Benson inspired them with his sunrise spirit, his adoration of Shakespeare, and the joy with which he communicated it.

Here I can do no more than come to the salute. Benson, when he reached the theatre, brought with him a daybreak-freshness. In the memory he has not lost that spirit of May. It is the fashion to hold that he thought more about athletics than acting, but that has been over-emphasised for the sake of a story, though the best Benson portrait is Hugh Riviere's, showing the actor as an Oxford running Blue, with a frieze of Shakespearean characters behind him. Let us say that F.R.B. (with his Roman-coin profile) would have been at home in the high noon of Athens. He entered the theatre of the early 1880s as a prophet new-inspired. At heart he never lost his enthusiasm, though in his last years, when fortune had ebbed, he had to go on acting too long, and he was inclined in public utterance to move to worlds of his own where none could follow him. Still, the Benson of the bright day was astonishing. The question of his acting talent will be debated at length later: it is enough now to suggest that, though he could be fantastically up and down, his worth has been under-valued. Critics of the calibre of Montague, Monkhouse, and Agate speak on his side; his Richard the Second has lived through the years.

For more than three decades Frank Benson was the light of the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival. To many the names of Benson and Stratford are inseparable; but his major task was to tour Shakespeare steadily round the provinces, season by season, year by year, bringing to industrial towns, lapped in winter gloom, the spring and blossomed summer of the word.



"FOR MORE THAN THREE DECADES FRANK BENSON WAS THE LIGHT OF THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON FESTIVAL": HUGH RIVIERE'S PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT SHAKESPEAREAN ACTOR-MANAGER, THE CENTENARY OF WHOSE BIRTH WAS CELEBRATED RECENTLY. THE PORTRAIT SHOWS SIR FRANK BENSON AS AN OXFORD RUNNING BLUE.

Portrait reproduced by kind permission of the Shakespeare Memorial Picture Gallery, Stratford-upon-Avon.

I wrote of Samuel Beckett's "Fin de Partie" when a French company staged it at the Court in the spring of 1957. In the circumstances I need say only that George Devine has now produced Beckett's English version, "End-Game," and that he himself acts the blind and chair-bound dictator whom we see at the end of the world with his legless parents in dustbins, and his servant Clov (Jack MacGowran) at hand. A Beckett monologue "Krapp's Last Tape," with Patrick Magee, begins a curious experimental night: I fear that I found myself remembering the tale of the Emperor's new clothes.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"FERDINAND THE MATADOR" (Belgrade, Coventry).—New musical play. (November 4.)

"THE STEPMOTHER" (St. Martin's).—Warren Chetham-Strode's version of a novel by R. C. Hutchinson, with Kate Reid, Ian Hunter, Maggie Smith, and Tim Seely. (November 5.)

"NO CONCERN OF MINE" (Westminster).—A play about a group of young people, by a new dramatist, Jeremy Kingston. (November 6.)

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS.



**AWARDED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR CHEMISTRY:
DR. FREDERICK SANGER.**

On October 28 the Swedish Academy of Science awarded the Nobel Prize for Chemistry to Dr. Frederick Sanger, F.R.S., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and head of a Medical Research Council unit at Cambridge. The Academy cited Dr. Sanger's work on the structure of proteins, especially insulin.



KILLED IN A ROAD ACCIDENT ON OCTOBER 30: MR. P. F. SCRUTTON (RIGHT), THE AMATEUR GOLFER, AND MR. J. D. PRITCHETT, THE PROFESSIONAL GOLFER. Mr. P. Scrutton and Mr. J. Pritchett were killed when their car was in collision with an Army lorry on the Southampton Road, near Blackbushe Airport, Hampshire. Mr. Scrutton, who was thirty-five, was a Walker Cup Player, and represented England many times. Mr. Pritchett, who was twenty-seven, was professional at the Stoneham Golf Club, Bassett, Southampton.



**NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CEYLON IN
BRITAIN: MR. P. R. GUNASEKERA.**

It was announced on October 29 that Mr. P. R. Gunasekera had been appointed High Commissioner for Ceylon in London. He was appointed Ceylon Minister in Switzerland in July of this year. He is to continue in this position and will also remain as his country's Minister in Paris.



**VOTED "SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR":
IAN BLACK.**

Ian Black, the outstandingly successful seventeen-year-old Scottish swimming champion, has been voted "Sportsman of the Year" in the annual ballot of the Sports-writers' Association. Ian Black has won five A.S.A. titles this season, as well as three Gold Medals in the European championships and one at the Empire Games.



THE PRIME MINISTER (LEFT) AND LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN (SECOND FROM RIGHT) SEEN WITH THEIR GUESTS OF HONOUR, CANADIAN PREMIER JOHN DIEFENBAKER AND MRS. DIEFENBAKER, ON OCTOBER 30. Almost immediately after he arrived in London at the start of his world tour, which will include many Commonwealth countries, Mr. Diefenbaker accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. Macmillan at 10, Downing Street. There he met several members of the British Government.



**KILLED IN A ROAD ACCIDENT:
MR. JOHN DE LACEY WOOLDRIDGE.** Mr. John De Lacey Wooldridge, husband of Margaretta Scott, star of stage and screen, died as the result of a car crash on October 26, while on his way to watch his wife appear in a television play. Mr. Wooldridge was a distinguished bomber pilot during the war, and was a composer, having written music for twenty-two films.



**MARINE RESEARCH: THE LATE
DR. STANLEY LIVINGSTON SMITH.** Dr. Stanley Livingston Smith, C.B.E., died at his home in Surrey on October 27 at the age of sixty-nine. He conducted secret experimental research for the Royal Society war committee during the First World War. In 1944 he was made Director of Research, British Shipbuilding Research Association. He was appointed C.B.E. in 1951.



**A CELEBRATED WRITER: THE LATE
DAME ROSE MACAULAY.**

Dame Rose Macaulay, a writer famed for her wit and scholarship, died suddenly in London on Oct. 30. She was seventy-seven. She was, in addition to her writing, a great traveller. Her first book appeared in 1906, and in 1913 she won a £1000 prize with her novel, "The Lee Shore." Her last novel was "The Towers of Trebizond."

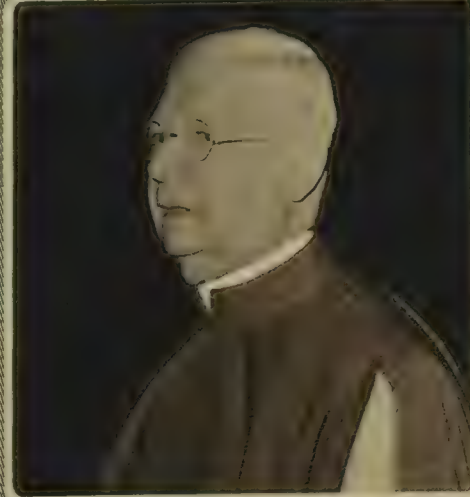


**TO GIVE THIS YEAR'S REITH LECTURES:
PROFESSOR A. C. B. LOVELL.**

Professor A. C. B. Lovell, O.B.E., F.R.S., who is Professor of Radio Astronomy in Manchester University, is to give the B.B.C. series of Reith Lectures for 1958. The lectures, called *The Individual and the Universe*, will be broadcast on Sunday evenings, beginning on November 9. Professor Lovell comes from the West Country and was educated at Kingswood Grammar School, in Bristol.



TO PLAY "PETER PAN": MISS SARAH CHURCHILL (LEFT), SEEN HERE WITH MISS JULIA LOCKWOOD, WHO WILL AGAIN BE PLAYING "WENDY." Miss Sarah Churchill is to play the name part in this year's revival of "Peter Pan" at the Scala Theatre, and will be the thirty-second actress to play "Peter Pan" since the play was first put on in 1904. Miss Churchill, who is Sir Winston's second daughter, has appeared widely on stage and television.



**A NEW CARDINAL APPOINTED: MONSIGNOR
ALBERTO DI JORIO.**

This photograph shows Monsignor Alberto di Jorio, Secretary of the Cardinals' Conclave which elected Pope John XXIII on October 28, in the hall of vestments in the Conclave area of the Vatican. Within three hours of his election as Pope, the new Pontiff created Monsignor di Jorio a cardinal. This brought to 53 the total of the Sacred College of Cardinals, whose full establishment is 70.

THE SPRINGHILL MINE DISASTER: A MIRACULOUS RESCUE, AND A ROYAL VISIT.



AFTER EIGHT AND A HALF DAYS SPENT ENTOMBED IN A POCKET ABOUT 6 FT. SQUARE: MINER BRYON MARTIN BEING BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE.



THE SCENE AT THE PITHEAD OF NO. 2 SHAFT IN THE EARLY MORNING OF NOVEMBER 1 AS BRYON MARTIN WAS BROUGHT TO THE WAITING AMBULANCE. HE WAS THE FIRST OF SEVEN MINERS FOUND ALIVE THAT MORNING.



HIS FACE BLACKENED AND HIS HEAD BANDAGED: DOUGLAS JEWKES, THE SECOND OF THE SEVEN MINERS RESCUED AT SPRINGHILL ON NOVEMBER 1, BEING BROUGHT OUT OF THE PITHEAD IN A STRETCHER.



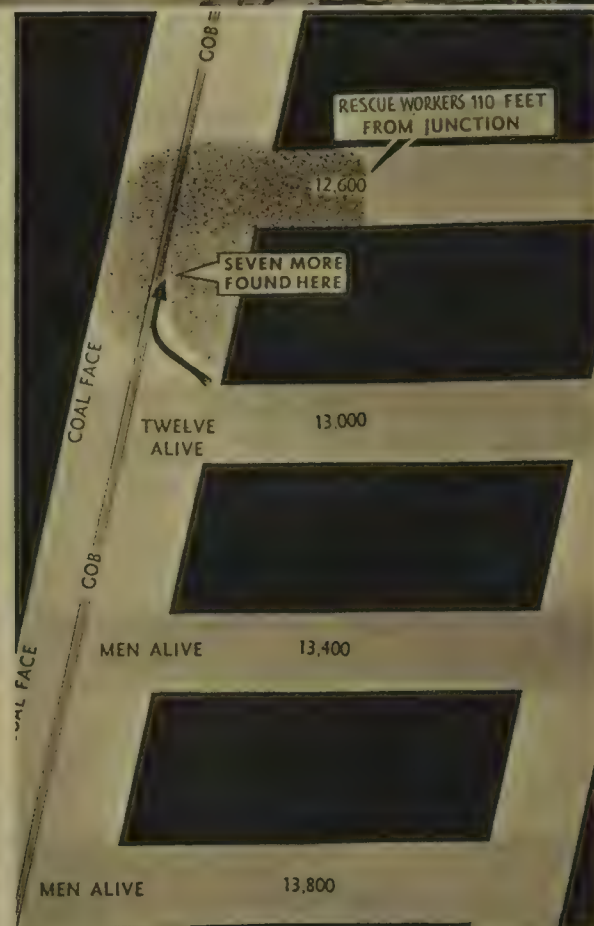
SAFE IN HOSPITAL WITH ONE OF HIS TWELVE CHILDREN SOUND ASLEEP IN HIS ARMS AND HIS WIFE LOOKING ON: FORTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD MAURICE RUDOCK, ONE OF THOSE RESCUED ON NOV. 1.



TALKING TO ONE OF THE INJURED SURVIVORS OF THE MINE DISASTER: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO VISITED THE MINE AND THE HOSPITAL AT SPRINGHILL ON OCTOBER 31, ON HIS JOURNEY BACK TO ENGLAND.

On October 23 (as was reported in our last issue) a sudden ground upheaval brought disaster to a deep coalmine at Springhill, Nova Scotia. Of the 174 men caught underground, 81 escaped soon after the accident, and a number of dead were brought to the surface. On October 29, when hope for the 67 miners still missing had been almost abandoned, contact was made with a group of men at the 13,000-ft.-level of No. 2 shaft, and twelve men were brought up alive and in reasonably good spirits. Two days later, on October 31, the Duke

of Edinburgh broke off his return flight from Canada to England, and spent two hours at Springhill, visiting survivors in hospital, and the scene of the accident. On the following day the second miraculous rescue took place, and seven more miners were brought up alive, having been entombed, practically without food and water, for eight and a half days. One of them, Bryon Martin, had been separated from the others. On November 2 mine officials announced that there was no hope of finding any more men alive. Thirty were still unaccounted for.



SHOWING WHERE THE SEVEN MINERS WERE ENTOMBED FOR EIGHT AND A HALF DAYS: A SECTIONAL DRAWING OF THE CUMBERLAND NO. 2 SHAFT AT SPRINGHILL.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FIRST SURFACE-TO-AIR GUIDED WEAPON STATION.



TARGET-ILLUMINATING RADAR AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, BRISTOL-FERRANTI BLOODHOUND MISSILES AT THE R.A.F.'S SURFACE-TO-AIR GUIDED WEAPON STATION.



A LARGE RADAR APPARATUS, AN ESSENTIAL PART OF THE SYSTEM, AT THE R.A.F. BLOODHOUND STATION AT NORTH COATES, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Britain's first surface-to-air guided weapon station, at North Coates, Lincolnshire, was publicly demonstrated for the first time on October 30. The Bristol-Ferranti *Bloodhound* missiles—replacing fighter aircraft and anti-aircraft guns—and their radar installations are situated on the airfield of North Coates. The weapons, pointing ominously skywards, are kept in a high state of readiness and could be brought into action at very short notice. Enemy aircraft are first of all detected by early-warning radar, and are later tracked by a very



THE ALSATIAN AND THE BLOODHOUND: AN R.A.F. DOG AND HIS TWO HANDLERS STAND GUARD AS A TECHNICIAN CHECKS ONE OF THE SURFACE-TO-AIR MISSILES.

accurate target-illuminating radar, which locks on to the target and follows it through all possible manoeuvres. The *Bloodhound*, receiving its take-off thrust from four solid propellant rockets and later being driven by two ramjets, is guided by radar reflections from the target which are picked up by a receiver in the missile. The *Bloodhound* is claimed as one of the most effective of existing anti-aircraft systems, the missile probably being used in a British anti-missile defence system which, it is reported, is being developed.

NAVAL, MILITARY, RELIGIOUS AND SPORTING: A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS.



A MIXTURE OF OLD AND NEW TRANSPORT AS THE QUEEN MOTHER, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, TAKES THE SALUTE AT THE LAST CEREMONIAL PARADE OF THE QUEEN'S BAYS.



THE QUEEN MOTHER VISITING THE QUEEN'S BAYS (SECOND DRAGOON GUARDS) DURING THEIR LAST CEREMONIAL PARADE BEFORE AMALGAMATION.

On November 1 the Queen Mother visited Tidworth to make her last appearance as Colonel-in-Chief of the Queen's Bays, who are to be amalgamated with the 1st King's Dragoon Guards on January 1. The Queen Mother will then be Colonel-in-Chief of the new regiment, the 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards.



OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION-STONE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS WHICH OPENED THE CRYPT OF LIVERPOOL ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL. On October 26 the Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr. Heenan, sang a Pontifical High Mass in the Crypt of Liverpool Roman Catholic Cathedral, thereby opening it for general use. The service was attended by 1500 people, and many of these followed the Mass on closed-circuit television.



DURING THE PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS IN THE CRYPT OF LIVERPOOL ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL: SOME OF THE CONGREGATION WATCHING THE SERVICE ON TELEVISION.



DECLARED OPEN ON NOVEMBER 1: THE NEW BOATHOUSE FOR SIDNEY SUSSEX AND CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGES (RIGHT)—THE FIRST COLLEGE BOATHOUSE TO BE BUILT AT CAMBRIDGE FOR MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. THE BUILDING WAS DESIGNED BY MR. DAVID ROBERTS, AND COST £14,000.

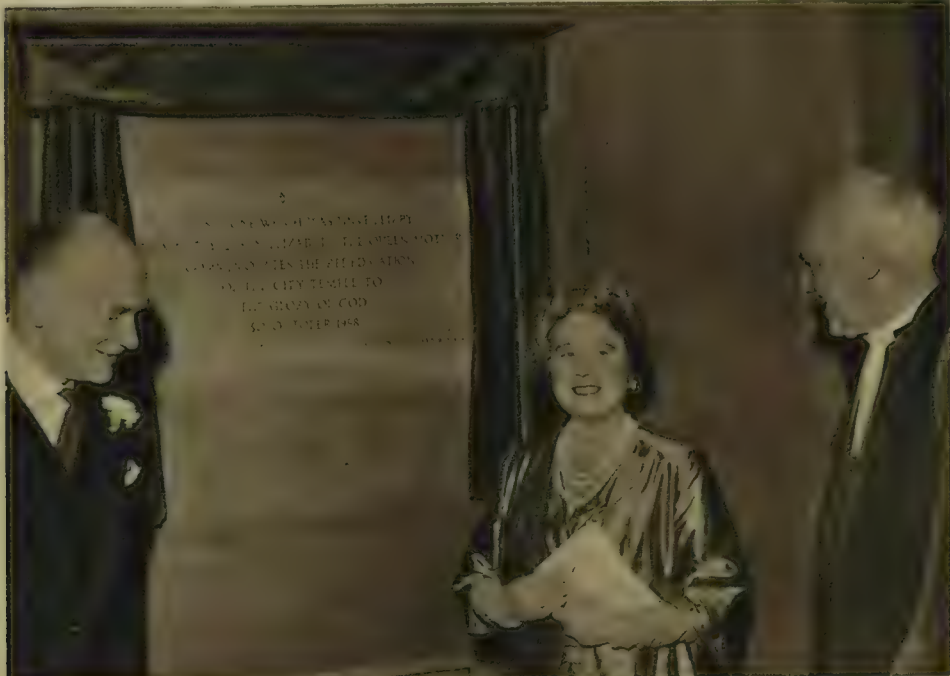


TWO COASTAL MINESWEEPERS AND A SEAWARD DEFENCE BOAT TAKEN OVER BY THE SOUTH AFRICAN NAVY: THE CEREMONY AT H.M.S. DILIGENCE, HYTHE, HANTS, ON OCTOBER 28. The coastal minesweepers *East London* and *Port Elizabeth* and the seaward defence boat *Rijger* were transferred from the Royal Navy to the South African Navy and commissioned in a ceremony at H.M.S. Diligence, Hythe, Hants, on October 28.

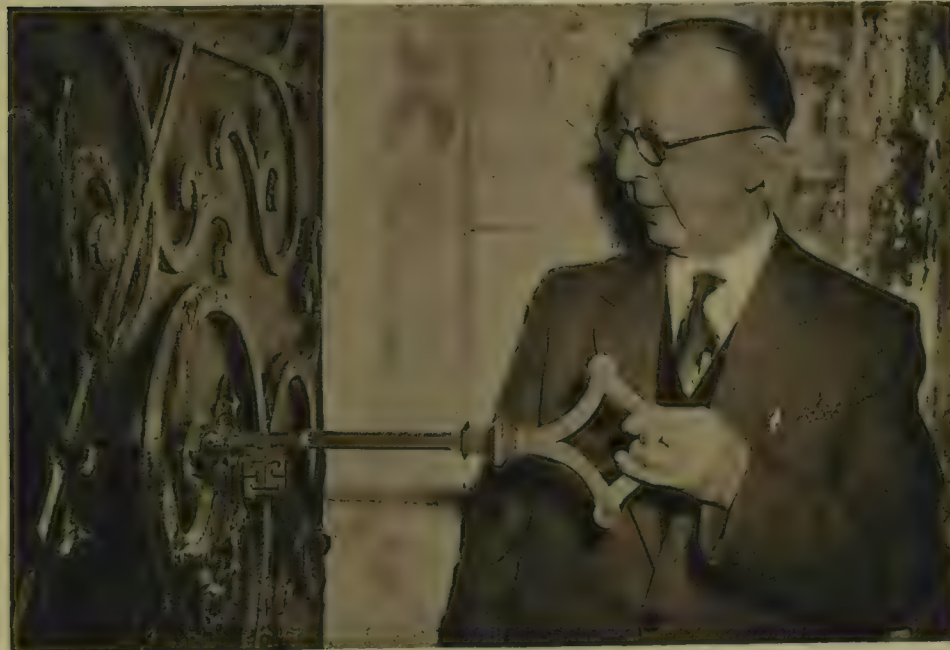
TWO FAMOUS CITY OF LONDON CHURCHES
DEDICATED AGAIN AFTER REBUILDING.



THE SERVICE OF REDEDICATION OF THE CITY TEMPLE, LONDON, ON OCTOBER 30. DR. LESLIE WEATHERHEAD IS SEEN READING FROM THE PULPIT, LEFT.



WATCHED BY THE MINISTER, DR. LESLIE WEATHERHEAD, THE QUEEN MOTHER SEEN AFTER UNVEILING A TABLET IN THE HOLBORN VIADUCT ENTRANCE TO THE CITY TEMPLE. The Queen Mother expressed great happiness in being present when the City Temple was rededicated on October 30. Equally grateful for the restoration to London of a much-beloved church were the Lord Mayor of London, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, and clergy of several denominations who were welcomed at the service by the City Temple's distinguished minister, Dr. Leslie Weatherhead.



MR. ARTHUR CHAMBER, CUSTODIAN OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH, HOLDING THE GREAT KEY OF THE WEST DOOR. THE CHURCH WAS BUILT BY THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.



A MARVELLOUS WORK OF RESTORATION: LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH, NOW RESTORED FOR WORSHIP AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION IN 1941.



A VIEW OF THE ROUND PORTION OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH—OFTEN CALLED THE ROUND CHURCH—SHORTLY TO BE REDEDICATED.

The celebrated Temple Church was originally dedicated in 1185 in a ceremony believed to have been conducted by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who was in London to do business with King Henry II. Now restored, it is due to be rededicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury on November 7.



AN opportunity to explore one of the byways of the world of glass manufacture occurred at Sotheby's in October when a collection of some seventy-five pieces of *Verre de Nevers*, a collection which was the subject of a paper read to the Circle of Glass Collectors in May 1939 by its owner, Mrs. Viva King, was on view for the usual three or four days before being sold. As late as 1845 one Lambourd was recommended by the "Journal des Demoiselles" for "the most terrible animals, the most pretty birds, the fruits of the earth, the sweet flowers executed in glass of a marvellous resemblance, by means of a lamp. M. Lambourd melts the glass, turns it, pulls it out, rounds it and in five minutes his agile fingers have created two doves, an elegant hare and a rose." But the origin of all this dexterity goes back to Nevers (about sixty miles from Paris on the road to Lyons); to the closing years of the sixteenth century when either Italians or Frenchmen who had learned that trade from the Venetian glassworkers at Murano began to make little grotesque figures. It must have been a very small manufacture in these early days, and Mrs. King is of the opinion that these glassworkers turned out their figures as a spare-time occupation; many, she says, were innkeepers during the seventeenth century. But these Nevers specialities soon took the fancy of the Court, and there are numerous records, both of the names of dozens of glass-blowers, and of specially notable pieces. For example, in 1605 the child Louis XIII had among his toys "little dogs of glass and other animals made at Nevers"—and then, seventeen years later, on his entry into the town, he was presented with "an enamelled piece representing the victory gained by His Majesty against the rebels of the so-called Reformed Religion in the Isle de Ré, and also a hunting scene."

Individual figures and groups, though obviously derived from Venetian traditions and, indeed, as all glass-blowing in Europe, owing everything to several centuries of Venetian know-how, are charmingly naïve, with a most engaging mixture of peasant fun, simple piety and classical allusion. Religious themes were as popular as more secular subjects, and few things can be more charming and childlike than a Christmas crib carefully arranged with its little figures, divine and human, sheep, dogs, shepherds and angels. Coloured glass, either opaque or transparent, is used for drapery, while the figures are generally white with painted cheeks. Occasionally an attempt is made to imitate white porcelain. Rocks, as in the Christmas crib of Fig. 1, would be made of moulded paper covered in ground glass. For both secular and bible scenes a piece of looking-glass was in favour to imitate water; and when this was part of the picture one or two swans were introduced almost inevitably. This is amusingly illustrated by one engaging piece in this collection, in which a charming little Susannah shares her bath with a pair of swans

and a lizard while the two turbaned elders advance upon her in a menacing manner. Indeed, a great deal of ingenuity is brought to bear upon the obviously difficult problem of making a convincing picture in depth out of a few simple glass figures. For example, against a background of a coloured print of a town, four little glass Dutchmen, one dressed as a pilgrim, two smoking long pipes, the fourth selling tobacco at a counter, stand on a bridge beneath which, on a mirror surface, swim glass aquatic birds among reeds and shells.



FIG. 1. AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY *VERRE DE NEVERS* NATIVITY TABLEAU. BOTH THE PIECES SHOWN HERE WERE IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. VIVA KING, SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON OCTOBER 17. FRANK DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THE COLLECTION IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK. (17 by 14 ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)



FIG. 2. THE DUELLISTS—A GROUP IN A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SET OF COMEDY FIGURES IN *VERRE DE NEVERS*. (Height, 3½ ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)

As for the single figures, religious and secular, I have room for two from the seventeenth century which appear to me to be very much out of the ordinary from their uncanny liveliness of feature and stance—the two duellists of Fig. 2. They are on a green rectangular base only 5½ ins. in length and the figures themselves are only 3½ ins. high. They wear white tunics with trailed and dotted patterning and are surely as brilliant a satire upon quarrelsome dandies as was ever devised by a glass-blower's imagination and carried out by his manipulative skill.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

VERRE DE NEVERS.

It is necessary to emphasise the naïvety of the religious groups, many of which—perhaps the majority—were no doubt put together by pious amateurs rather than by the glass-blowers themselves. The Christmas crib of the illustration is simplicity itself compared to one or two complicated arrangements in the collection. There is one in which, within an area of 32 ins. by 25½ ins., numerous scenes from the life of Christ are shown in remarkable detail—the Nativity, the Flight into Egypt, the Baptism and the Transfiguration; then, above all this, Christ and the woman of Samaria

at the well, and the Last Supper, which takes place in a Renaissance château, the disciples seated at a large table with a lace cloth while a cat on a chair spits at a dog; on the upper of the three tiers into which the picture is divided is the Agony in the Garden, Christ on the balcony of Pilate's Palace, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. A smaller construction, also arranged in three tiers, shows us the Nativity with the Infant cradled in a crib beneath an elaborate mother-of-pearl canopy, flanked by numerous figures—shepherds, magi and angels, the Agony in the Garden, the Betrayal—with Judas hanging himself in the background; above, the Baptism and the Crucifixion.

Yet more engaging to my mind was a tableau—only 14½ ins. long—of the Supper at Emmaus—the two disciples seated at either side of the table on a raised platform, Christ seated at the head of the table in front of a mirror flanked by pillars, the walls inset with mirrors encrusted with shells; servants and shrubs in the foreground. There was also a St. Anthony, the saint in brown

standing in front of his cell, tempted by long-tailed devils of brilliant blue, green and brown glass, while a glamorous young woman stands coyly in the background. Single figures—anything from 3 ins. to 12 ins. in height—include St. Dominic, St. Louis, St. Peter, St. Catherine, and, of course, the Virgin Mary and the Angel of The Annunciation.

The secular pieces are no less varied, ranging from the classical pantheon to peasant women and beggars. Some seem to have been made as table ornaments in the middle of the eighteenth century in an attempt to compete with porcelain. A few—a very few—secular tableaux have survived; the best known of them (and as early as the seventeenth century) is a scene from the Italian Comedy preserved in the Musée de Cluny, in which two glass chandeliers hang from the ceiling, a dog and a cat are on the floor, and the table is covered with a cloth on which are goblets and a jug. Another shows a salon at Versailles with a card game in progress in the presence of Louis XV and Madame

de Pompadour. The British Museum has a charming pair of 6-in.-high lovers in white opaque glass standing before a green arbour—not unlike the delightful Bow pastoral figures in porcelain of the mid-eighteenth century, and not without something of the peculiar Bow freshness of approach. Not unnaturally, as *Verre de Nevers* became known, glass-blowers came to Paris. There is one who in 1691 announces that he is opening a shop patronised by Louis XIV, while another settled at Essonnes, on the way to Fontainebleau. It is likely to be a very long time before so varied a collection can be gathered together again.

LONDON'S ART MARKET: PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS FROM THREE CURRENT EXHIBITIONS.



(Left.)
"STUDIES OF THE HEAD OF A YOUNG WOMAN," BY PAUL-CESAR HELLEU (1859-1927): IN JOHN MANNING'S TENTH EXHIBITION. (Red and black chalk: 15 by 10½ ins.)

For his tenth exhibition of water-colours and drawings, which continues at 8, Bury Street until November 22, John Manning has assembled nearly 100 examples, mostly of the English School of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Among these are fine water-colours by Anthony Devis, Paul Sandby, William Callow, David Cox and Edward Lear.



(Right.)
"CATTLE BY A WOODED POOL," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788): A DRAWING FOR ONE OF THE ARTIST'S RARE ETCHINGS ON PEWTER. (Black chalk, heightened with white, on grey paper: 9½ by 12 ins.)



"CAVALIERS AND LADIES MERRYMAKING," BY DIRK HALS (1591-1656): IN LEONARD KOETSER'S CURRENT EXHIBITION, WHICH ALSO INCLUDES INTERIORS BY NETSCHER AND TENIERS. (Oil on panel: 17½ by 27 ins.)

Devoted principally to works of the Dutch and Flemish Schools, Leonard Koetser's third annual exhibition at 13, Duke Street, St. James's, continues until December 15. Among the



"THE 'WINTERKONING' WITH HIS FAMILY ON THE ICE": AN INTERESTING WORK BY HENDRICK AVERKAMP (1585-1663), PROBABLY PAINTED IN 1626 WHEN FREDERICK V AND HIS WIFE, ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF JAMES I OF ENGLAND, VISITED KAMPEN. (Oil on panel: 9½ by 10½ ins.)

works of other schools are an important Fantin-Latour and a small Constable cloud study. There is a fine landscape by Jan Wynants, and a scene in Cologne by Jan van der Heyden.



(Left.)
"FLOWERS IN A POT," BY ODILON REDON (1840-1916): IN THE LEFEVRE GALLERIES CURRENT EXHIBITION. PAINTED IN ABOUT 1882. (Oil on canvas: 13½ by 9½ ins.)

A group of eighteen 19th- and 20th-century French paintings is to be seen at the Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street, until December 13. Matisse, Pissarro, Derain, Bonnard, Vuillard and Renoir are some of the artists represented, and there are interesting comparisons between still-lives by Derain and Vuillard, and interiors with figures by Matisse and Jules Pascin. Among the earlier works there are examples by Corot and Daubigny, in addition to the Courbet shown here.



"LE VEAU": AN IMPRESSIVE CANVAS BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877), WHICH WAS UNTIL RECENTLY IN AN AMERICAN COLLECTION. PAINTED IN ABOUT 1865, AND SIGNED LOWER RIGHT. (Oil on canvas: 34 by 45 ins.)

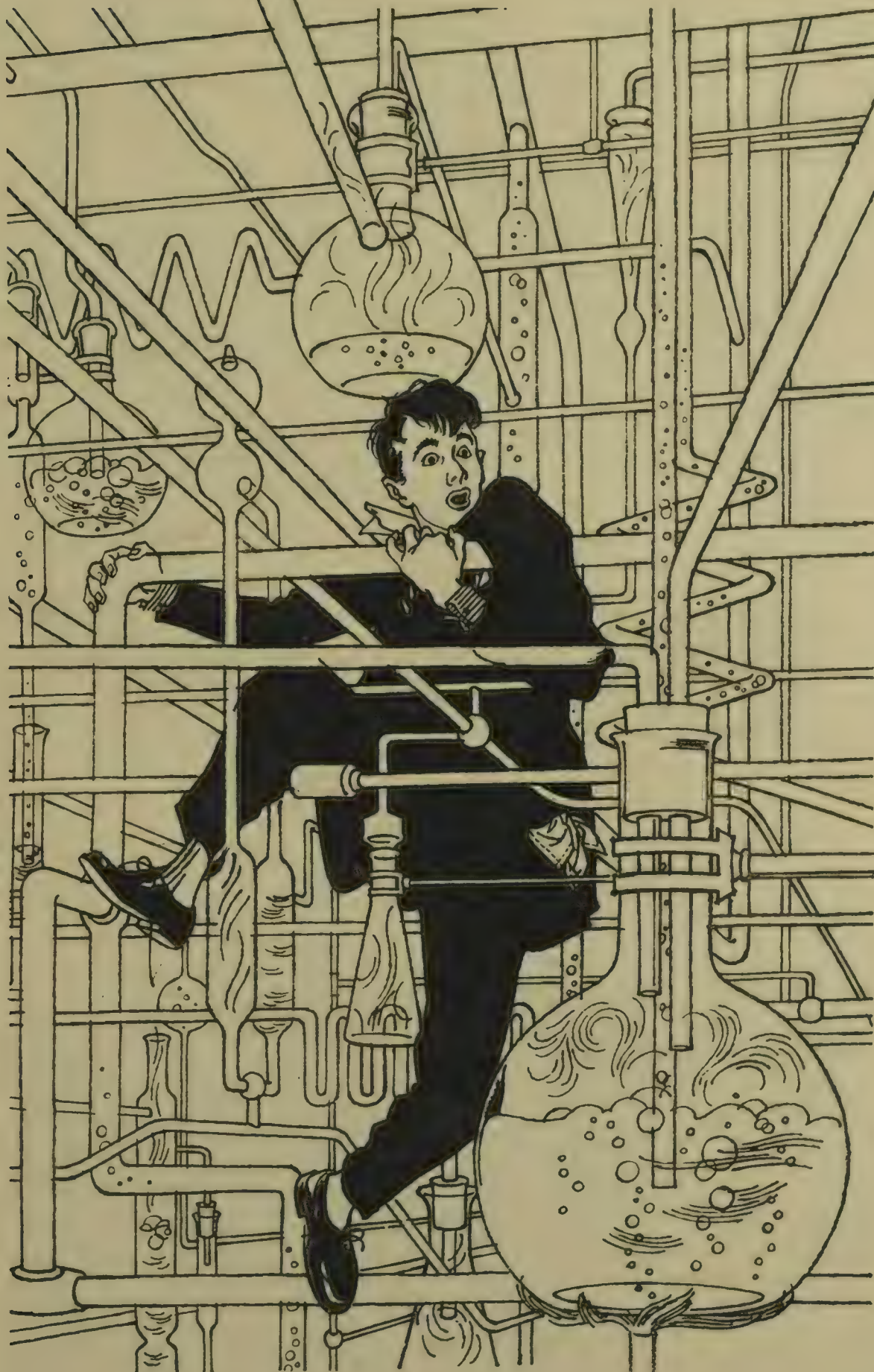


THE GIRL AND THE IGUANA: A STRANGE ATTACHMENT FOR A SKIN-DIVER, IN THE WEST INDIES.

IGUANAS are normally shy of human beings, but the specimen in this interesting photograph, which was taken recently in Grenada, British West Indies, apparently either overcame his shyness or made a serious mistake of identification. The young swimmer had dived below the water to watch the iguana's method of swimming, and as she came to the surface the reptile climbed on to her back. Once there, he was reluctant to move and several photographs—of which this is one—were taken as the girl walked into a private garden from the water. Finally, to avoid being scratched by his claws, the swimmer had to lie on the ground, whereupon the iguana walked carefully off her and into a flower border. Several iguanas frequent this particular garden, where there are also at present a number of young who appear to feel quite at home in the owner's presence. The specimen in the photograph is a Common Iguana (*Iguana iguana*), a species which may be 4½ ft. in length, including the long tail, is greenish in colour, with a lighter underside and darker rings on the tail, and which inhabits the trees and the water, feeding on vegetable substances and sometimes on insects.

“Help—let me out!”

Many motorists may have wondered, seeing the rather technical look of some petrol advertisements, just what it's all about. Perhaps, blinded by science, they may even wonder whether there is very much in it after all!



This is a pity, for big things have been happening to petrol. It is better – and *different*. A first-class high-octane petrol such as Super Shell can be produced only by the most advanced refinery processes which lead to better fuels at economic cost.

But refining is only half the story. Additives play an increasing part in giving motorists the higher performance they need. You may remember the first important additive – tetraethyl lead – which in 1922 sensationally reduced petrol “knock”. Today, a premium petrol may contain as many as ten additives, most of which never reach the headlines, but each with a special function.

The latest, and most important since tetraethyl lead, is I.C.A. – the Ignition Control Additive based on tricresyl phosphate – which was developed by Shell Research to overcome serious problems of power loss and rough running due to engine deposits. These deposits upset the smooth rhythm of ignition and are particularly troublesome in today's high-compression engines. I.C.A. has

proved the answer. It was a triumph of fundamental

research, far removed from an advertising “stunt”. It is vital in modern cars, and it is exclusive to Shell.

Super Shell with I.C.A. gives you modern petrol at its powerful best, with the added pleasure of a really smooth engine. It is a striking example of how Shell, through the quality of its products, is contributing to better and more economical motoring everywhere.

YOU CAN

BE SURE OF



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WHEN one couldn't see very much in some perhaps admirable work, it is comforting to know one's opinion will make no difference. Certainly, most reviewers have that comfort most of the time; but "Our Man In Havana," by Graham Greene (Heinemann; 15s.), is an extreme case. One can quite safely say of anything by this writer that it is not very good. If one has the nerve.

Faute de mieux, therefore, let me be honest and admit what I didn't see in this "entertainment." First—and last—it didn't seem entertaining enough. The idea is farcical, a parody of the Secret Service drama. Our hero, one of Mr. Greene's tired, good men, is also a deserted husband, with an only child, a single friend (German) and a wretched vacuum-cleaner agency. His adored Milly, Catholic and sweetly spoilt, has rich tastes. Now she wants a thoroughbred; and she wants to ride it at the fabulously expensive Country Club. So a man named Hawthorne, suddenly materialising out of the "Boy's Own Paper," gets Havana "sewn up" in no time. Mr. Wormold becomes 59200/5, a key man in the Caribbean network. As such, he will have to recruit sub-agents and submit reports. Not that he knows how; but the pay is good, the expenses are terrific, and, anyhow, it's all nonsense. He picks a so-called agent or two at random from the Country Club, makes up one or two others, and reports dark activities of his own invention. The more fantastic, the better they go down with the Chief—sitting in a basement office with a black monocle over his glass eye. This is the side that could have been funnier. But it is only half the picture. After a time, things begin happening to the sub-agents. One of the pure figments is really murdered. "They" are gunning for the lot; and Dr. Hasselbacher, the poor old German, is a doomed man. In other words, Mr. Wormold has trespassed on a nightmare—*res publica*—and it now appears as such.

The change-over is truly sinister and bewildering, a Gorgon moment. But it collapses between two stools: on one side nightmare, on the other farce with a (non-Catholic) happy ending. For Mr. Wormold is awarded not only the O.B.E., but a divorced secretary who shares his philosophy of life. To wit: Down with all public concern and effort, and everything less private than what Milly wants. One can see the point, of course. But natural as it is, and morally sympathetic as Mr. Greene is, I still can't regard quietism in the name of luxury for the loved ones with much enthusiasm. Nor get much joy out of the farce, for all its skill and brilliance in detail.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Prospects Are Pleasing," by Honor Tracy (Methuen; 15s.), is also a funny story; in fact, a lot funnier. And all of a piece. The events are leisurely; but as a vehicle for Irish attitudes it would make a cat laugh. We start with a long-lost English crime. Twenty years ago, the great painter Afrodísio Lafuente y Chaos bequeathed three of his "Goat" canvases to a gallery in London, which kept the lot. This iniquity has recently been denounced by an English journalist. I won't explain it, and, indeed, the Irish weren't conscious of it themselves. But the fight is on now; and the Bombardier, mysterious envoy of an unknown Organisation, has recruited a frail, fervid little patriot for an act of derring-do. Tommy is to proceed to England and steal one of the pictures. Child's play, till he is confronted by the Gallery; then he would sit down and cry, but for the timely, though reprehensible, succour of a "young man in spats." This appalling feat is Felix's notion of a joke. He strolls into the Gallery, retrieves the canvas, flies it to Dublin with his little protégé, and has then to help him dispose of it. For the Bombardier has gone underground. Luckily there is, or will be, Dublin's Temple of Art, or Prado: an ex-industrial Folly, half-built and impossible to scrap, since it is cheek by jowl with the airport. . . . Much yet remains. Sad for Ireland; but the little patriot finds his niche.

"The Peacock Brides," by Gerald Bullett (Dent; 15s.), is sad only as a last novel. And a charming last: a period piece, mid-Victorian, domestic, nicely astringent. Those who read "The Daughters of Mrs. Peacock" need only be told this is the same. Last time, two of the Peacock sisters were married off; now those two are having their little rubs, while the gentle Julia, infallible Mama's special girl, is working up to an elopement. Mr. Peacock, the country lawyer, retains his hatred of being appealed to, and his pleasing kinship with Mr. Bennet. And altogether, what a nice read.

"The Land God Gave to Cain," by Hammond Innes (Collins; 15s.), features the dreary spaces of Labrador, in the dramatic circumstances you would expect. Ian's father has been speechless and paralysed since the war. He lives in a wheel chair by his radio, seeking contact with other "hams," and dies of excitement at a final message. This was from Briffe, head of the lost Labrador expedition. Impressive bleakness and pioneering: picturesque drama.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

OF the B.B.C.'s new series of chess half-hours on Network Three, five have come and gone. Cogitation and a dabble into "social survey" work have led me to conclusions that will stagger some people:

That chess-players as a class are not interested in sound radio;

That few of the chess-players who would like to listen to these programmes can do so;

That chess notation (P-K4, etc.) put over at the speeds adopted is a waste of broadcasting time.

About three hundred of the country's adult chess clubs meet on Tuesday at 7 p.m., so that in choosing this time to start their programme, the B.B.C. eliminated about ten thousand potential listeners at a stroke. I heard caustic comments about this at a Northern Counties v. Midland Counties' match recently from Manchester players: the programme opens with a "Manchester v. Ilford" consultation game each week, but very few Manchester Chess Club members have heard any of it—because Tuesday is their meeting night.

"They might stay away to listen or bring a portable set to the club?" Not on your life—when they can be playing chess! When the first chess programme came over, I had to be at the Hodge Hill, one of the keenest chess clubs in the Midlands. I took along a portable set, tuned in quietly, and listened to the whole half-hour. Of the thirty to forty chess-players there, only one showed any interest. A week later, I repeated the experiment at the Lucas club—and nobody showed any interest!

At the Midlands v. North match mentioned above, I handed round a little questionnaire I had prepared. Here were over a hundred players; many had travelled 200 miles or more and given up virtually the whole of their Saturday to play one game in a friendly match. So they were pretty representative of the keenest chess-players in this country.

Ninety answered a question "Did you hear the first chess half-hour?" Of these, forty-one had, forty-nine had not. Of all the subsequent programmes, only forty-six had heard even one.

Many were regretful. But chess-players are active people. Trying to raise teams for away matches, I am constantly reminded of it. They attend night-school—even into the forties and fifties—they are active as youth organisers; as Masons; in drama, youth organisation and a hundred other things.

Enquiries at this match elicited the fact that relatively few chess-players ever look at the *Radio Times*. I'd never bought it myself, prior to these programmes. But without the *Radio Times* the larger part of the programmes is incomprehensible!

Now for chess notation, that P-K4 stuff.

Chess notation should be kicked right out of sound broadcasting, and stay out. Chess got on very well without it for some eight centuries, spreading in that period from India out to Iceland in the West to Japan in the East. Then came printing and chess had to be put, somehow, on paper, so notation was invented. Since then we have become slaves to it.

Any actual play should go, not on sound radio but on to TV, where chess can be demonstrated as, indeed, it has been demonstrated throughout the bigger part of its history—with chessmen, on a chessboard.

I myself supplied two chess positions for study, early in the series. When I came to record the solutions, I gave them very deliberately so that interested listeners below the top grade should be able to follow the play. When I listened to my recorded voice, I found the whole thing had been speeded up.

Later in the same programme, trying to follow the moves of the Alexander v. Listeners game, I was not quite quick enough in setting up the last few moves actually played, so that the subsequent discussion of possibilities, lasting several minutes, was incomprehensible to me. "How stupid I am!" I half-thought—then another, and horrible, thought struck me. If I, who have lived chess for thirty years, could miss the thread, what of the poor devil to whom chess is merely a pastime. I rang up a friend, who has been runner-up in the British Championship and played for Britain in international matches. "Have you followed the play in these programmes?" I asked him. His illuminating reply "I've tried!"...

INDIAN NABOBS, ANIMAL FAMILIES—AND TWO PICTURE-BOOKS.

THOSE who, like myself, were born in India—how strange it seems to reflect that as a race we shall soon be as extinct as the dodo!—are apt to view the mysterious East with modified rapture. We are prone to recall such things as dust and heat, stringy chicken and too frequent curries, stifling nights spent under mosquito nets, and the maddening drone of a singer in the compound. Starry-eyed travel-books, we think, are not for us. Still less to our taste are the neo-politicals, toadying to every manifestation of Mr. Nehru's "new India" and conscientiously denigrating what remains of the achievement of the British Raj. Therefore, when I take up a book with a title like "Time of the Mango Flowers," by Roderick Cameron (Heinemann; 30s.), I cannot altogether suppress a slight sinking of the heart. However, a glance at the index reassured me on one point. There are only three references to Mr. Nehru and none at all, I am relieved to say, to Earl Mountbatten. So Mr. Cameron is not the sort of man to indulge in political dithyrambs. I soon discovered, too, that he is not a tourist of the pretentious kind, nosing out folklore and fragments of archaeology so that he can display them like tawdry banners decorating a factitious reputation. No, Mr. Cameron is just the sort of traveller I like. He has taken the trouble to read widely about his subject—"For nearly a year before I set out," he tells us, "I had been reading every book on India that I could find"—and he quotes, sometimes at length, from such writers as Kipling, H. G. Rawlinson and Aldous Huxley. He is continuously interested in all that he sees, and conveys that interest to his readers. Such scraps of history as he interpolates in his narrative are all used to set the stage or to prepare a background. He is, above all, a kindly man, and even spares time to be fair to the nabobs:

Mr. Pearson in his excellent book on Calcutta gives us a glimpse of their lives. Attended by vast hosts of thieving servants (the nabobs of Calcutta customarily employed as many as four or five Indian servants to look after their wigs, and perhaps a dozen more to care for their clothes), they blustered and cajoled their way to fortune; "if they survived the perils of the climate, and their own excessive habits of drinking and dining, they would return to their homeland and throw away enormous wealth in a vain endeavour to win the admiration and respect of those who judged them boorish."

After the life they had led in India, they must very quickly have been bored with the tameness of good breeding—and they could not all have been vulgarians, for I found some charming miniatures painted by Indian artists in the Calcutta Museum of Europeans.

Mr. Cameron describes, with no sniggering or false prudery, the erotic frescoes of the Ajanta caves and the "loose loves carved on temples of stone." Even in his descriptions of such over-publicised places as Fatehpur-Sikri and the Taj Mahal, Mr. Cameron finds something new to say—such as that the Taj is too big. So, except in photographs, it is. Here, at last, is a book on India which is thoroughly sensible and entertaining, and without a single page of nonsense from cover to cover.

Excellent, too, though in quite another line of country, is "Animal Families," by Maurice Burton (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 12s. 6d.). Dr. Burton will need no introduction to readers of *The Illustrated London News*, who will not be surprised to hear that this short book is entirely fascinating. Warm-blooded animals, we learn, show the nearest approach to family life as we know it. Such rare signs of it as are shown among cold-blooded animals will be of interest "if only because we do not expect to see such lowly animals as millepedes and earwigs showing mother-love." From that moment, I could hardly wait until I found the page on which Dr. Burton describes what form maternal tenderness takes in the earwig, and, having found it, I do not intend to give away the secret! I have always taken a censorious view of spiders—and, Dr. Burton tells me, rightly so. Yet the female wolf-spider—as unattractive a creature as ever I clapped eyes on—carries her family pick-a-back; the nearest approach to geniality which she is ever likely to reach. Surprised as I was to be asked to admire the devotion of fish fathers, it was as nothing to my consternation at having to contemplate the crocodile in the light of a nursemaid. However, I must not spoil by over-quotation the pleasure

which countless readers will get from this delightful book, and from Miss Burton's drawings.

Lastly, I have two picture-books of rare quality. The first is "Paris and Its People," edited by R. Laffont (Methuen; 4 gns.), a brilliant medley of reproductions, coloured and otherwise, photographs, and other illustrative material, with a text as informative as it is succinct. The make-up and layout are particularly good, and the publishers are to be congratulated on having so brilliantly exploited a new technique.

The second of these works is "A Picture History of Furniture," by Frank Davis (Hulton; 35s.). Here again, the text is scholarly and informative, but the illustrations are the thing. I may be shot for saying so, but the few modern examples published here make a very poor showing beside the exquisite works of the past.

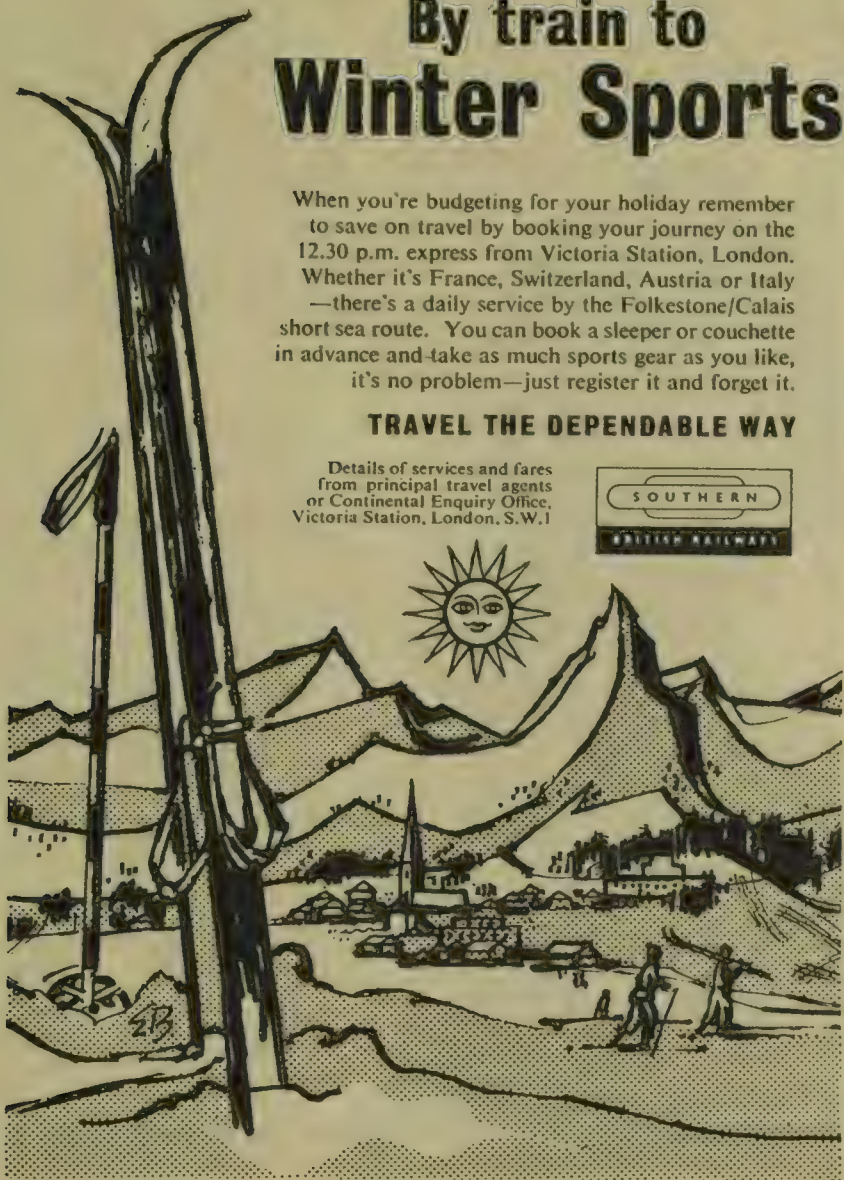
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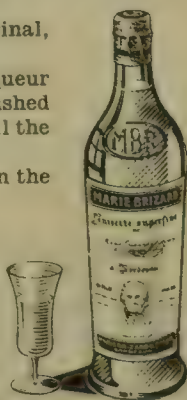
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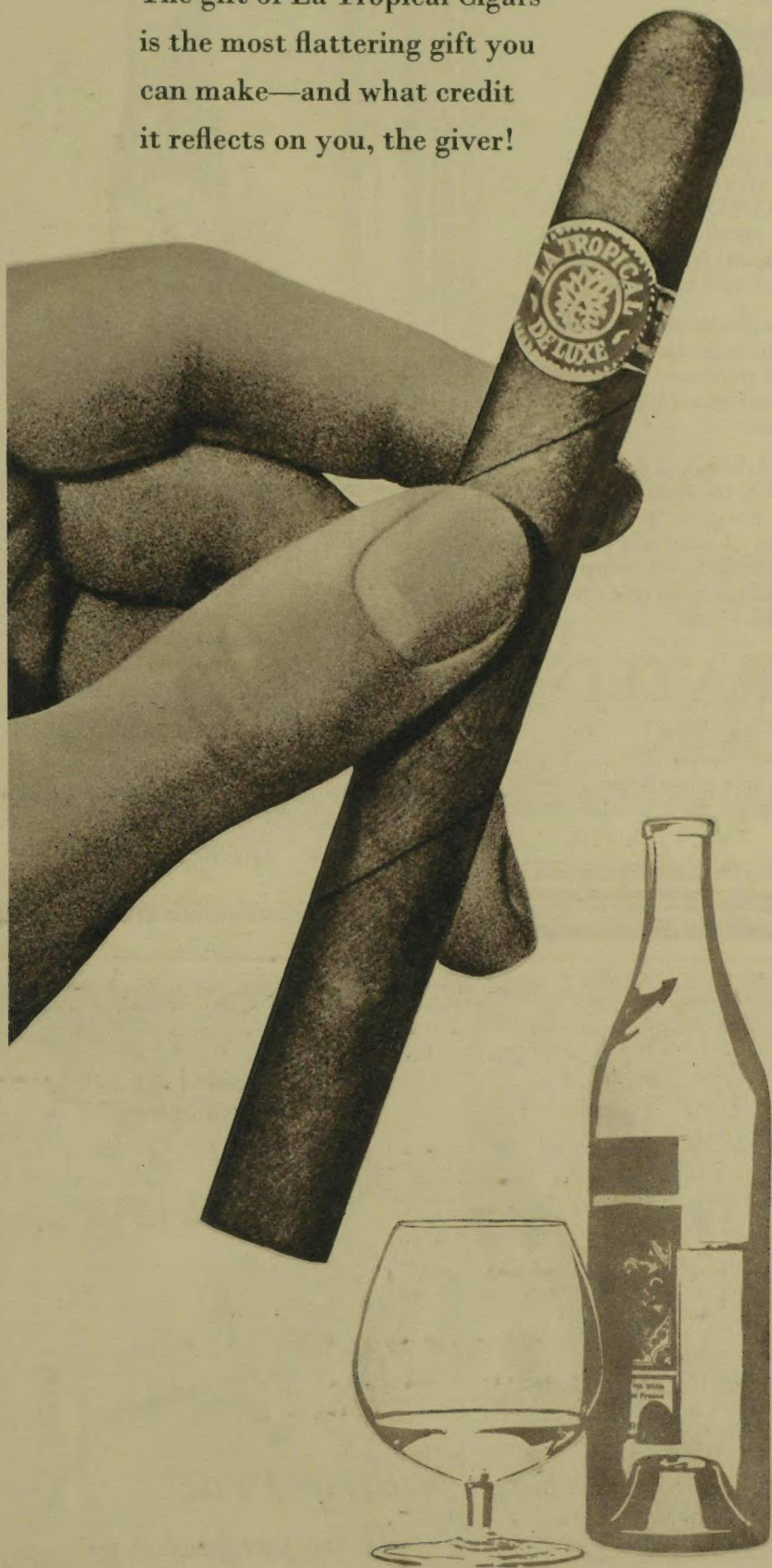
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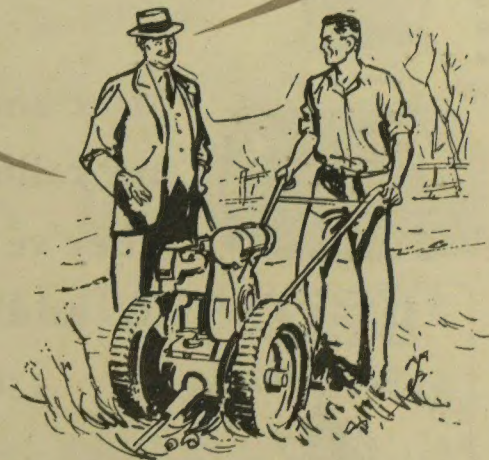
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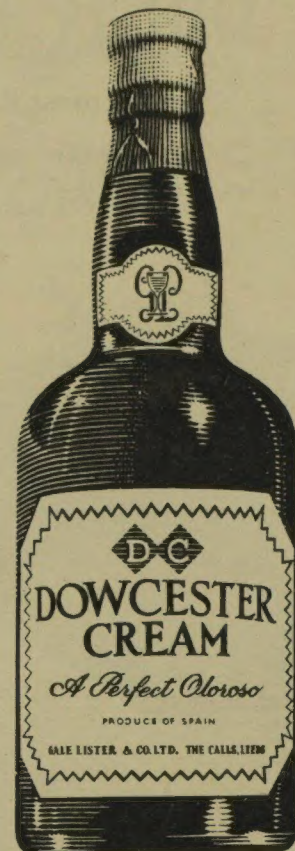
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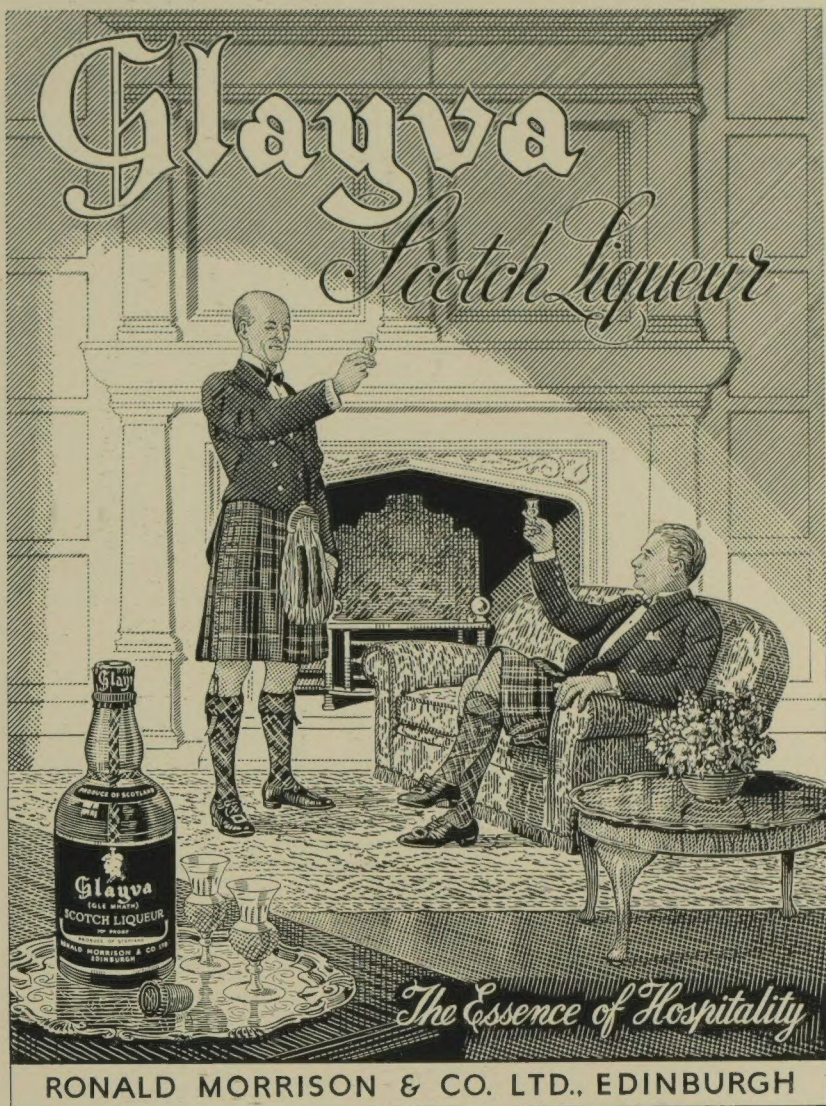
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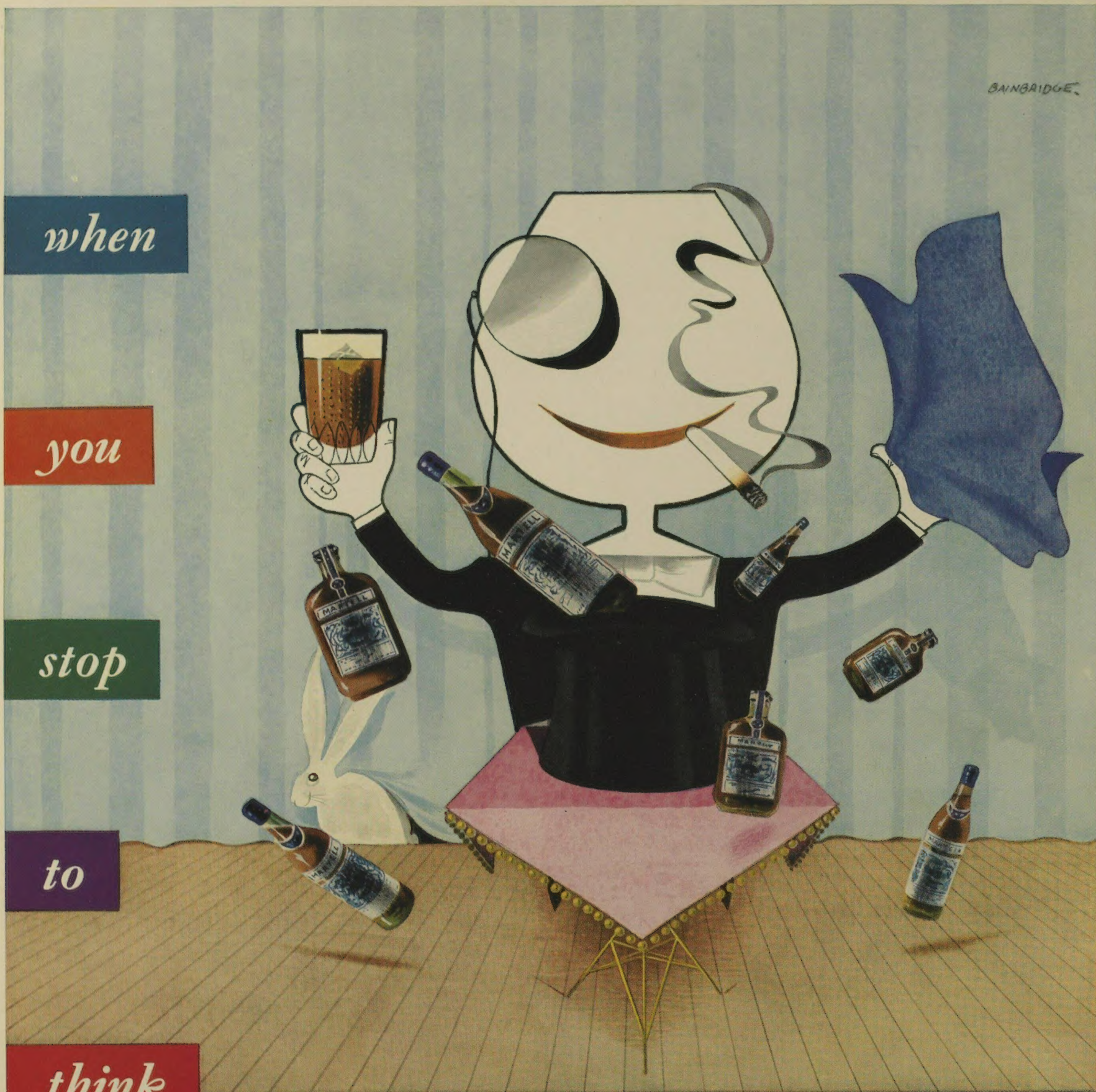
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